

THE SILENT
WORKER



JUNE 1924

Vol. 36, No. 9
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THE SILENT WORKER

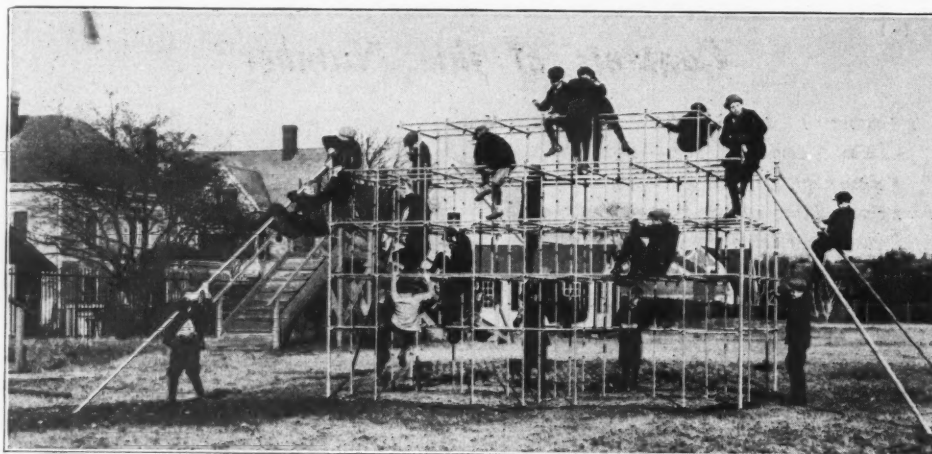
Trenton, N. J.

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The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 36, No. 9

Trenton, N. J., June, 1924

25 cents the Copy



THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, M.A. Litt.D.

Senior Assistant to Principal Gardiner of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, commonly known as "Fanwood".

Clarke, Creator of Wood Folk

*Wild Animals Imprisoned by Nature in the Heart of Cottonwood in Glacier
National Park Respond to the Call of the Deft Chisel of Nationally Known
Sculptor, John L. Clarke*

By EDWIN W. LONDREGAN



WHEN one sees an Indian affectionately caressing the blade of his knife he naturally visualizes the Redman with a look of triumph on his face, bending over his victim, and leisurely feeling his scalp—then emitting an awful war whoop.

There is a blackfoot Indian out in Montana who is a past master at the use of his knife, but does not utilize the weapon for removing the dermal covering of the cranium. He perhaps has made more use of this weapon than any other scalping brave, and to a better purpose.

This particular Indian is Mr. John Lewis Clarke, a resident of Glacier National Park and a sculptor by profession. His father was the son of Malcom Clarke, a great figure in Montana his-

the Montana School for the Deaf at Boulder, Montana. Later he went to the St. Francis School for the Deaf at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. While there he took up wood carving. The school



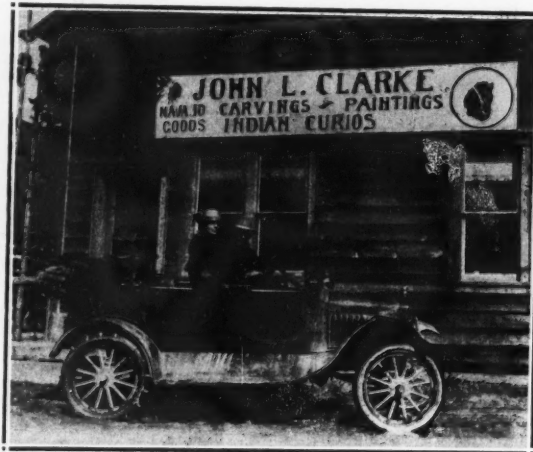
JOHN L. CLARKE
The Indian Deaf-Mute wood Sculptor

tory when Montana was still an Indian frontier. John's mother was an Indian Princess and in her youth was the belle of her tribe.

John Lewis Clarke was born in Highway, Montana, in 1881. At the tender age of three years he lost his hearing through scarlet fever and subsequently his speech. He inherited from his mother the love of the great outdoors and a knife has always held a strong fascination for him. He was hardly ever seen without one and no wonder his father found his knife missing from his pocket most of the time because of John's ardent use of it. Like most other boys he lost his pocket knives constantly.

SIGNS OF GENIUS

While yet a little boy John was in the habit of going to the bank of the river that flowed past his home to shape animals and objects in the silt that the river deposited along its course. This was the first outward manifestation of his talent. He attended the School for the Deaf at Devil's Lake, N. D., then



SHOP OF CLARKE HIS AUTO, WIFE AND HIMSELF

possessed a model drawing studio. In its alcoves John spent most of his available time. He concentrated his thoughts on his avocation and steadily improved.

While still at the St. Francis School his excellence at wood carving became known and trustees of churches and cathedrals hired him to carve their altars and appointments. When he returned to Glacier Park he carved the denizens of the forest in cottonwood. Among his models were Mr. Grizzly Bear; the great bisons and the antelope of the western plains; the mountain lion and mountain goat; the elusive bighorn; wolves and



THE CLARKES IN THE NATIVE COSTUME

coyotes and other well known animals of the great wild West.

A reputation as to his proficiency at wood carving spread throughout the United States and some of his carved animals



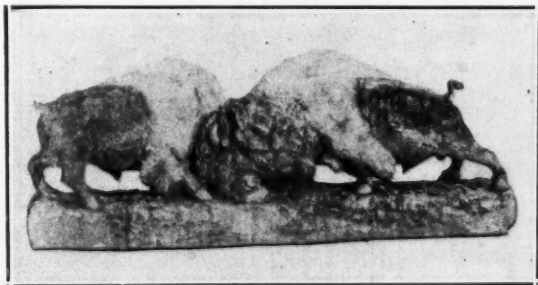
JOHN L. CLARKE ON HUNTING TRIP
Notice the Big Horn Sheep

are on permanent exhibit at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Carvings of bears, very lifelike in detail, won prizes at the Trenton Interstate Fair last year.

A carving of two American bison with their heads locked together, fighting for the leadership of the herd was put on exhibition in a window display at Wanamaker's Department store in Philadelphia. It was the principal object shown in a group of several pieces of sculpture in the window and occupied the place of honor in the center. The carving is illustrated herein.

Mr. Clark is quite skilled in oil painting and has made many beautiful paintings of the high and rugged mountains in Glacier National Park. He has a curio shop in Glacier National Park where he makes and sells his art objects. Tourists from all over the country visit his place of business and from a varied assortment of handiwork, purchase whatever pleases their fancy.

Mr. Clarke is fond of hunting and every fall he goes out on hunting expeditions. Mrs. Clarke sometimes accompanies him on these trips. His two airedale companions are always along with him. Mrs. Clarke gets much pleasure out of these hunting trips and is fond of outdoor life like her husband.



BATTLING BUFFALOES
A Sample of Wood-sculpture by John Clarke



WOOD FOLK FROM CLARKE'S CHISEL

Mrs. Clarke is her husband's inspiration, ever encouraging him to make his previous work but stepping stones. Intently she watches the progress of his groups and singles from the first clay model to the completed cottonwood, birch, oak or maple statue.

Mrs. Clarke's speech and hearing are an inestimable asset to her talented husband. She is a farseeing, ardent helpmeet. She modestly epitomizes to the entranced guest, "Yes, John has done real well—but he will do better!"



JOHN L. CLARKE AND HIS ARDENT HELPMEET

PUBLIC OPINION

By Dr. JAMES H. CLOUD



THIS now more than two decades since I began writing for the SILENT WORKER, but only quite recently was I able to visit the WORKER office and the New Jersey School.

The New Jersey School that is passing is a rather ordinary plant, crowded into a single city block, not far from the heart of old Trenton, exteriorly suggestive of a parisonious backing and an indifference to the education of the deaf, quite out of keeping with the resources of a wealthy state. But the New Jersey School that is coming into being will be the last word in location, plan, construction, and equipment. The new site is a nature-favored spot comprising some ninety acres about two miles beyond the city limits of Trenton. It is reached by a hard paved road and a suburban trolley line. The detached cottage plan has been followed, in the main, providing ample space with symmetrical arrangement around broad central courts. The new buildings are of uniform brick and stone construction, fire-proof, designed with due regard to sanitation, ventilation, light, convenience, and comfort. The permanent fixtures are of superior quality with latest improvements. The buildings designed for the primary department have been practically completed and are occupied. The administration school, service, and industrial buildings, dormitories for the intermediate and advanced pupils, gymnasium, and residence for the superintendent, have yet to be constructed. It is thought

that the entire plant will be completed and occupied within two years.

Mr. Alvin E. Pope, hailing originally from Nebraska, has been at the head of the New Jersey School for the past six years. The new school plant will be an enduring monument to his

constructive genius, assertive personality, and administrative ability. At the St. Louis World's Fair twenty years ago Mr. Pope had charge of a "model school" for the deaf in the Palace of Education. He had charge of a somewhat similar exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915. Now he is in charge of what promises to be a real model school for the deaf,—New Jersey's permanent exhibit. In the SILENT WORKER for November, 1904, I contributed a write up of the various exhibits of schools for the deaf at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. New Jersey had an exhibit there and what I had to say about it at that time may prove interesting reading here:

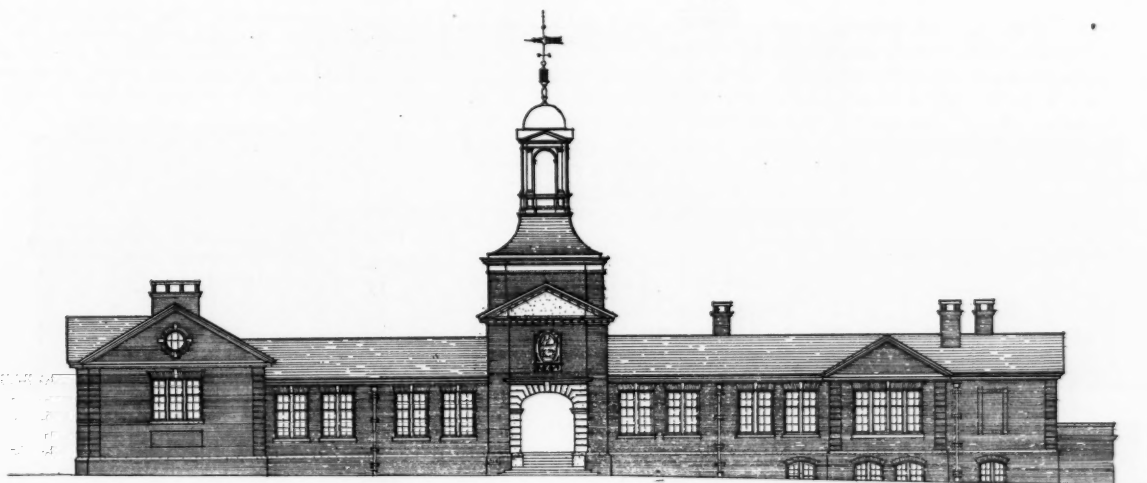
"The exhibit of this school is well selected, admirably arranged, and of greater variety than that of any other school, the display of each department represented being exceptionally good. The written work of the pupils give evidence of great care on their part which must have been gratifying to their teachers. The showing in kindergarten drawing is good, while the architectural drawings in pen and ink and the mechanical drawings in pencil are excellent. The other kindergarten work is of great variety and excellence. The departments of photography and



SUPERINTENDENT ALVIN E. POPE
Creator of new School for the Deaf at Trenton Junction



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AT TRENTON JUNCTION
OPENED JANUARY 1ST LAST. EACH COTTAGE HAS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CHILDREN.



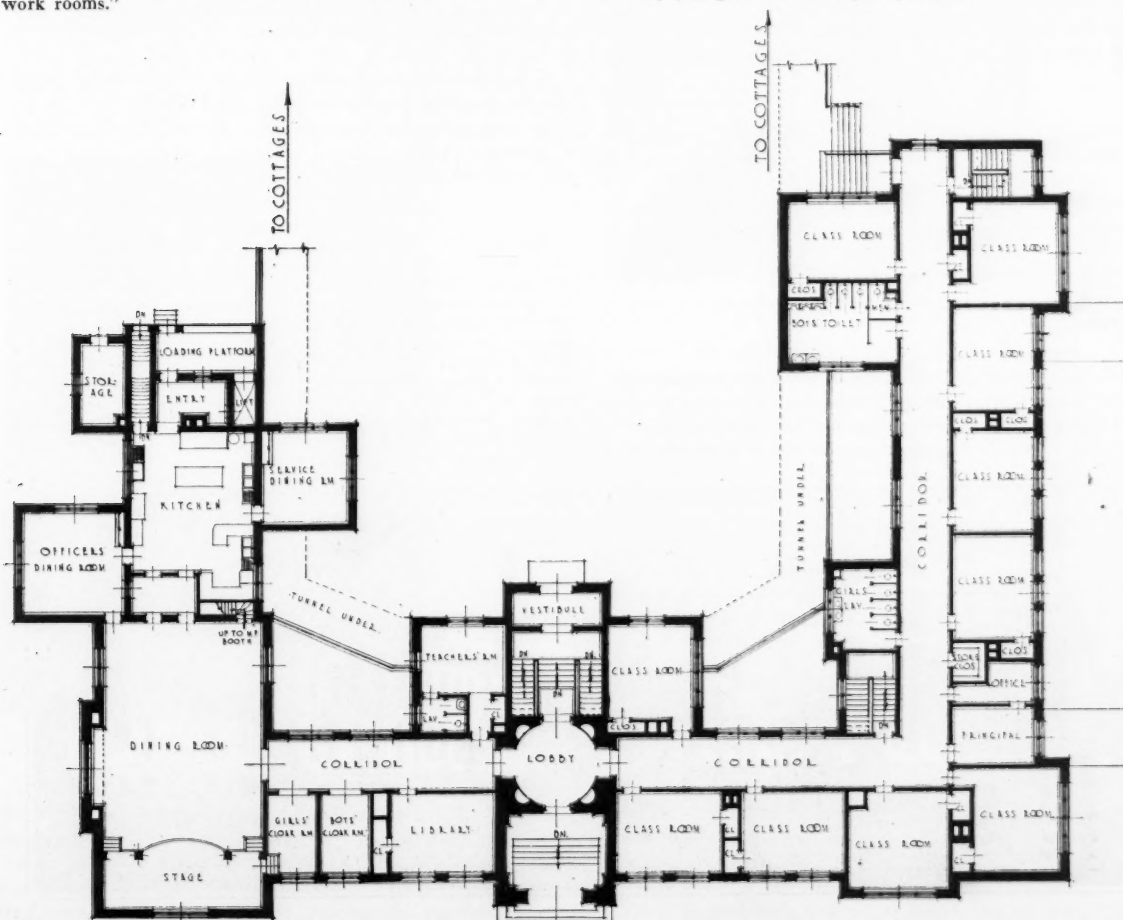
MAIN BUILDING OF THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

photo-engraving make a fine display while samples of work done in the printing office are equal to the best done in any office with a similar equipment. Judging from the fine display the art of needle work has reached a high order of development in the New Jersey school, and it would be a difficult matter for any school to submit finer samples of wood turning, shoe-making, joinery, and sloyd. The fact that millinery is also taught is well attested by the display made in that line. The impression one gets from viewing the work of the New Jersey school is that careful and efficient instruction is given in all lines of work done there, whether in the kindergarten, school, art, or work rooms."

My article concluded with the following statement:

"The fact that I am writing for the SILENT WORKER does not make me partial in the opinion I wish to express, but I had to judge each school solely by its showing at the Exposition, exclusive of its living exhibit, for excellence in each department and in all departments as a whole, I believe I would give the grand prize to the School for the Deaf at Trenton, N. J."

In due time a letter came from Mr. George S. Porter, publisher of the WORKER in which he said: "That was a bang good write-up you gave the New Jersey School."



ARCHITECTURAL PLANS OF THE PRIMARY MAIN BUILDING



EXTERIOR VIEW OF ONE OF THE SIX COTTAGES OF THE PRIMARY GROUP

The New Jersey School since Mr. Porter became connected with it over thirty years ago has been known to fame chiefly as the home of *THE SILENT WORKER*. With Mr. Porter once in charge that magazine quickly took first place among the school papers and has held it ever since. The *WORKER* office is an interesting place. At the present time it is crowded with a battery of eight linotypes, several presses, and most of what goes to the make up of a first class printing plant. All the work incident to publishing the magazine, printing, illustrating, folding, stitching cover designs, etc., is done in the *WORKER* office. The *WORKER* office also has become a sort of post-graduate training school for the printing trade and has been sending out operators skilled in the art who command desirable positions at good wages. When the industrial department of the New Jersey School gets a going in its new home on the new site it may figure more prominently as a national Trades School for the Deaf.

* * *

During my visit at the New Jersey School I was quite favorably impressed with the cordial spirit, manifest good will, and ready co-operation in evidence between officers, instructors, and pupils. In the department of athletics the New Jersey School has made an excellent showing considering the facilities available on the old site. The present coach and athletic director, Mr. Frederick Moore, has made a fine record in his special field and under his expert direction contending teams have to look to their heels.

* * *

While at the New Jersey School I witnessed an interesting demonstration by Mr. Howard E. Thompson, one of the teachers there, of the Spencer Delineascope for day-light projection of slides and films. It impressed me as being especially well

adapted for class and assembly room use in schools for the deaf. No darkening of the room is required, the outfit is simple, easily portable, occupies small space, and is comparatively inexpensive. Every school would be all the better equipped by having one.

* * *

"Old Fanwood" in north Manhattan, overlooking the majestic Hudson, is well worth visiting. Venerable in years, rich in associations, substantial, solid, dignified, it presents a delightful blending of the spacious and courtly of the old school with what is typical of the new. Under the efficient direction of Principal Gardner, assisted by Dr. Fox, the traditions of the school as a seat of sane methods, sound learning, progressive ideas, and rational development are maintained apparently unaffected by the hysteria of extremists and the hallucinations of theorists with which the profession is afflicted.

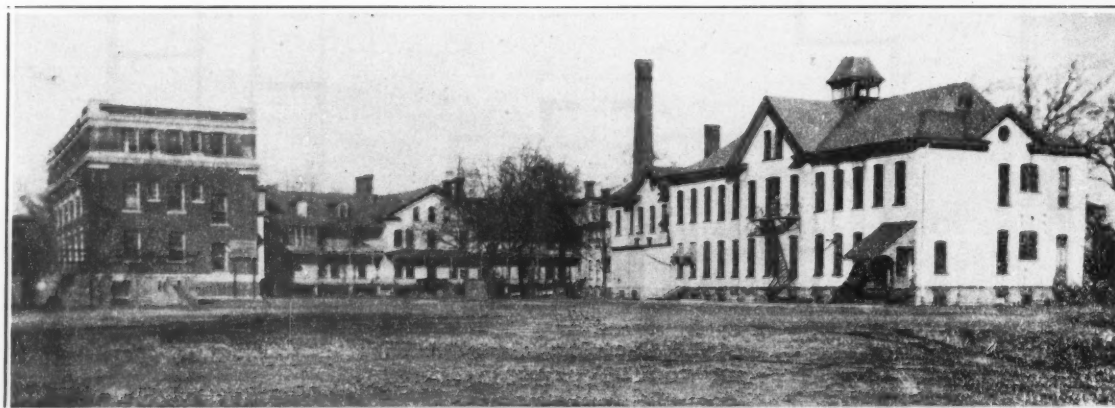
* * *

In the office of *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* I met Editor Hodgson, the grand old man of the silent world, happily convalescent from a recent severe illness, busy at his desk but ever ready to greet the visitor anywhere or nowhere with a genial smile and hearty handshake.

* * *

FOR BETTER SIGNS

The Kansas State Association of the Deaf has offered a prize to the pupil giving Lincoln's Gettysburg address in the best signs. April 19th is the date set for the contest to be held in the auditorium of this school. The contest is open to two members from each of the advanced classes, and the one who delivers the address in the best and correct signs will receive three dollars and fifty cents. The second prize will be a dollar and fifty cents. The one object is to improve their method of signs, and to discourage the use of obscure signs, as well as vulgar. It is hoped in this way they will learn to be more careful and explicit in their mode of signs, as well as becoming more graceful and readily understood.



BOYS' BUILDING REAR OF MAIN BUILDING INDUSTRIAL BUILDING
GROUP OF BUILDINGS OF THE OLD SCHOOL IN TRENTON, WHICH WILL BE ABANDONED IN A YEAR OR SO.

The fact is a good many have been drifting away from the good old Gallaudet-Clerc signs by the invention of new, tho less understood by many, thereby forming bad habits that have a tendency to divert their minds from thinking good English. The Kansas State Association of the Deaf is to be commended

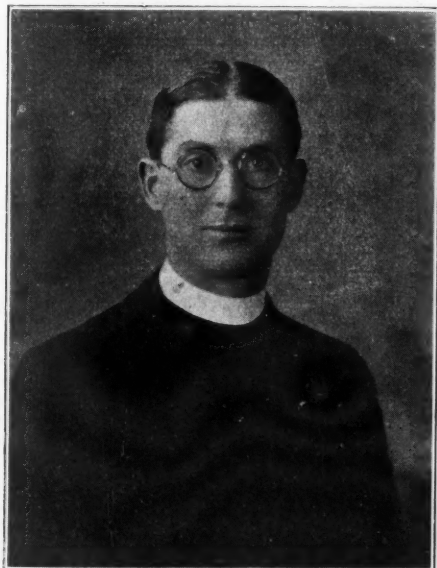


ALEXANDER L. PACH

for the wise move. It will be watched with intense interest, and it is hoped all good will come therefrom.—*Kansas Star*.

A visit to old New York would not be complete without a look into the grand studio of that veteran photographer, Mr. A. L. Pach, now newly located at 150 Broadway. Nor would visit to the studio be complete without a confab with the genial manager and a pleasant look through the business end of his camera.

New York's Community Center for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf is a place of varied and well proportioned activities, social, recreational, educational, religious, and industrial. It



REV. ALBERT A. AMATEAU
Minister to the Jewish Deaf of New York City

impress the visitor as making for the more worth-while things, quite different from that of some clubs which drift along catering to the social side, leaving its standard to find its own level rather than having an ideal to work up to. Club ideals are largely a matter of leadership. It too often happens that the

ablest leaders are not always actuated by high ideals. The Community Center as its name implies is consistently striving for the *welfare* of the deaf. Among the influential factors directing its affairs is the able, practical, progressive Mr. M. L. Kenner and the genial, diplomatic Mr. E. Souweine. On the occasion of my recent visit I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, and for a few minutes only, the director of the Community Center, Rabbi Amateau. He is a scholarly gentleman possessing an interesting personality and a very good command of the sign-language.

The Episcopal Church which was the first to take an active interest in the spiritual welfare of the deaf in America, the first to admit a deaf man to holy orders, the first to provide a church for the deaf, and the first to establish a home for the aged and infirm deaf, is still going strong in its work among the deaf. Three additions to the list of deaf clergy have been made within recent months and a fourth is awaiting ordination. The deaf clergy of the Church who have passed away are: Syle, Mann, Turner, Van Allen, Allabough. Those who have retired are: Koehler, Dantzer. Those in active service, in the order of



MARCUS L. KENNER

ordination, are: Cloud, Whildin, Smielau, Tracy, Flick, Merrill, Charles, Fortune, Pulver, Smaltz, Sawhill, Hanson. Awaiting ordination: Homer E. Grace of Denver, Reverends Webb of Los Angeles, and Hefflon of Hartford, are in active service among the deaf, have defective hearing, but never attended a school for the deaf. Rev. Webb was ordained long before he acquired a hearing defect but did not become interested in deaf work until after his hearing became impaired. Rev. Hefflon entered the Episcopal ministry after his hearing became impaired which was in middle life. At the present time there are two or three candidates for holy orders who, in the meanwhile are active among church lines. Deaf communicants of the Episcopal Church have a church building and parish house for their exclusive use in Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago. The churches in Philadelphia and New York also have living quarters for the clergy. The Episcopal Church has missions established in all the principal cities which are radiating centers for the general welfare of the deaf regardless of religious affiliations or lack of affiliations. The larger of these missions, and the number of active communicants reported up to the beginning of the present year are: All Souls, Philadelphia, 364; St. Ann's New York, 321; St. Thoma's, St. Louis, 157; Grace, Baltimore, 126; St. Agnes, Cleveland, 107; All Angels, Chicago 102; St. Andrew's, Boston, 79; Ephphatha, Detroit,

65; St. Margarets', Pittsburgh, 55; All Saints', Columbia, 51. Women have taken a prominent part in the development of the Episcopal Missions,—chief among them being Mrs. Margaret J. Syle who for something like thirty-five years has been parish visitor and pastor's helper at All Souls' Church, Philadelphia. She took up the work where her husband, of blessed memory, laid it down, and has been untiring in her efforts to help the deaf of her home city—visiting the sick, comforting the dying, helping the needy, raising funds for worthy causes, teaching in the Church school, finding employment, presiding over the Guild, entertaining in her hospitable home, in season and out of season carrying on for Christ and His Church as opportunity offered. Hers is a proud record of golden deeds nobly done. Advancing years suggest to Mrs. Syle that she lay aside her official duties and lead a less strenuous life which she may do at no distant day. But she may be assured that in her retirement grateful and loving hearts will follow her and the joy of witnessing the continued prosperity of All Souls' will be hers.

Mr. Preston Barr, Jr., contributes an interesting article to the *New Era* which is well worth recording and passing on. Mr. Barr is a graduate of the Northampton (Oral) School for the Deaf and of Worcester, Mass., Academy, a school for the hearing.

PSYCHOLOGICAL VALUE OF SIGNS

Mr. Hefflon has asked me to write briefly regarding the value of signs in conversation, address, etc., among the deaf people. Since leaving school, I have had ample opportunity to study the sign language, and the reasons for its strong hold upon the deaf people. As I can hear slightly, I am able to compare the psychology of SIGNS with the psychology of SOUND. My observations have convinced me that signs have a mission far more important than our oral teacher and friends are willing to admit. Everybody knows how subtly vocal and instrumental sounds affect hearing people. To all these sounds the deaf people are insensible. Lipreading does much to offset this loss, but it can never completely fill the gap, for the reason that deaf people can not sense the sound in any way whatever. Herein the sign language renders a valuable service to the deaf. Psychologically it compares with vocal speech, and has powers of expression to move the feelings. Let me illustrate: I know the tunes of those beautiful hymns people love to sing, "Nearer my God to Thee," "Rock of Ages," "Lead Kindly Light," and these tunes lip-reading never can reveal. I have seen the above hymns rendered in the graceful, expressive signs in exactly the same time with the tunes, and I don't wonder that the deaf people enjoy them, and they mean that a great deal to their spiritual nourishment, and to their cultural development. In lectures and sermons given by hearing speakers, vocal inflection plays a most important part. A lecture given in a song-song or monotonous tones tires the audience very quickly. Lip-reading a whole lecture is physically impossible, and a tremendous strain upon the eyes, and we deaf people need to treasure our eyesight. Signs convey in half the time, with half the mental and nervous effort, and we are the gainers thereby. When talking with hearing people lip-reading and artificial speech, for such is our speech, are a help, but when we are by ourselves, then let us be naturally deaf as God has made us, and be unashamed of our beautiful signs that He has given us.

The four appended clippings taken as a whole form a composite sign of the times,—the sign-language in its pristine purity.

THE LONG TROPHY

We can see much good as the certain result of Dr. Long's announcement to the members of the Literary Society that he would award a handsome prize at the end of the year to the member adjudged the best public speaker in the annual story-telling contest.

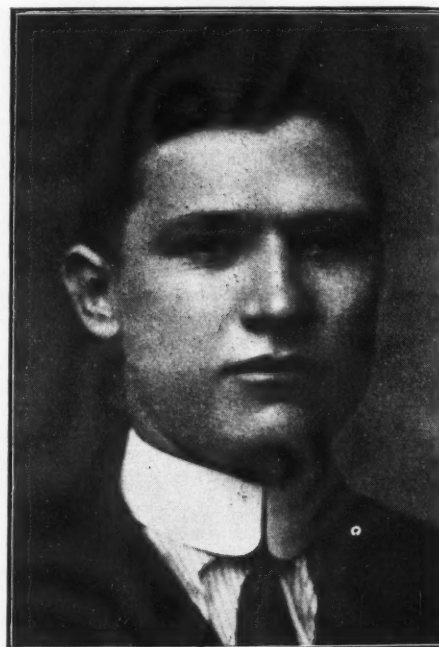
There can be no belittling the value of an adequate command of platform signs to the older boys and girls. The essay, the debate, the dialogue, and the declamation all are sources of great satisfaction to the deaf audience when put over in a graceful manner so that not a gesture is lost.

It requires much real thought, and no little practice, for one to put over a platform talk, in a clear, agreeable manner, emphasizing here, shading the meaning there, appealing to the

emotions of the audience at all times. To one devoid of the sense of hearing, and therefore denied a share in the ecstasies conjured from within the soul by a master of the human voice, there is absolutely no substitute for the language of signs at the hands of an artist. This pronouncement does not refer to the mongrel diction gaining a foothold through those who have no sense of rhythm, who feel that a bi-lingual delivery is called for when addressing the deaf.

Boys and girls who go forth from our school will later on in life be expected to take an educated person's share in the affairs of their fellow men and women. They will be called to the platform at conventions, and other gatherings of the deaf, and their ability and forcefulness in putting their ideas across through the language of signs will determine the extent of their share in the uplift of mankind. We would not have them go forth unprepared.—*Iowa Hawkeye*.

Dr. J. Schuyler Long's dictionary of the sign language has been officially adopted by the Chinese government to be used as the standard of the sign language in Chinese schools for the deaf and is also used by the teachers in English, French, Spanish and other foreign schools for the deaf, its advantage being that as it is ideographic and pictographic it is usable anywhere and everywhere independent of the vernacular of



ELWOOD A. STEVENSON

The New Superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock.

the country. It is also among the reference books of the moving picture studios around Hollywood, Cal.—*The Silent Hoosier*.

No matter how well a deaf person may speak and lip-read, no matter how well he may get along with hearing people, the chances are overwhelming that he prefers the society of deaf people, or at least that of people who can and do use the sign-language, a means of communication which is easy and natural to him and puts no strain on him in social intercourse.—*Mo. Record*.

We point with pride:

THE SONS OF DEAF MEN

Now comes the word that a son of Rev. Mr. Cloud is made superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf.

He is a fine young man and well prepared for the work. It is here predicted that he will make a good record. The important thing in these few lines is to call attention to the number and quality of the sons of deaf parents who are or have been at the head of schools. Mr. Tillinghast, of the Missouri School; Mr. Lloyd, of the Washington School; Mr. Booth, of the Nebraska School; Mr. Stevenson, of the Minnesota School; Mrs. Stevenson is a daughter of deaf parents. Mr.

McClure (deceased), of the Missouri School; Mr. Frank Read (deceased), of the North Dakota School; Mr. Argo (deceased), of the Colorado School; Dr. Gallaudet (deceased), mother deaf. There may be others. (One other, H. C. Rider, Malone, N. Y.)

It must be a satisfaction to the parents to see their sons put into positions that they once thought were so exalted when they were pupils. It is a great honor to them and to their schools.

Every one named is a credit to the profession being capable, clean and righteously effective.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

The superintendent-to-be of the Minnesota School for the Deaf is Mr. Elwood A. Stevenson, formerly superintendent of the Kansas School and now principal of the Kentucky School. The appointment takes effect April 1. Mr. Stevenson is a young man, son of deaf parents. He received the appointment after the Board of Control had considered a long list of applicants which we were told was not less than seventy. The Minnesota School stands in the front rank and is sufficiently a desirable place to make competition keen. It is pleasing to know that merit has been recognized in the appointment of Mr. Stevenson who will be ably seconded by his wife who is the older daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Long of the Iowa School.—*The North Dakota Banner*.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ARKANSAS SCHOOL

A clipping from a Little Rock paper sent to one of our teachers bring the news that Mr. Daniel T. Cloud, who has acted as superintendent of the Arkansas school since the death of the lamented Dr. Dobyns, has finally been elected by the Board as its permanent head. Mr. Cloud has been connected with the school three years, first as teacher of a class and later as assistant superintendent. During the last few months of Dobyns' life when the later's health had become very precarious, he took very much of the executive work. He is the son of deaf parents, his father being the Rev. Dr. Cloud, of St. Louis, missionary to the deaf, and therefore understands the deaf and their language thoroughly.

Dr. Cloud, his father, was for many years principal of the St. Louis day school for the deaf, and young Cloud thus doubtless acquired a knowledge of the methods pursued in the education of the deaf before he went actively into the work. He received his education in the public schools of St. Louis, the Sewanee



DANIEL K. CLOUD

Recently Appointed Principal Arkansas School for the Deaf

Military Academy and Smith Academy in Tennessee and the Arkansas Law School and is a young man of marked mental ability and force of character. To have attained the superintendency of a school so early in life is quite a distinction, as we understand he is barely twenty-four years of age. We wish him abundant success in the responsible position which he has assumed.—*The Oklahoman*.

HELP UNMASK THE DEAF MUTE IMPOSTOR

John E. Purdum, Chief of the Bureau for Suppression of Impostors of the National Association of the Deaf, and President of the Chicago Association of the Deaf, has written to the editor of "Human Service" his hearty approval of the campaign which the United Charities is carrying on to acquaint the public with the beggar situation in Chicago and the impositions practiced by unscrupulous persons in the name of charity.

Mr. Purdum, who is deaf and dumb himself, and is employed by the International Harvester Company, says that despite a vigorous campaign carried on by his Association to show up the deaf and dumb impostors, impostorism still flourishes, and the "game" has become so profitable to the impostor that some of the less self-respecting among the truly deaf and dumb have come to practice begging as a means of livelihood.

Mr. Purdum writes: "For your information—and I hope you will tell your readers—the genuine deaf-mute has no occasion to beg. Our people are self-supporting and do not have to trade upon their misfortune in any way. Our local, state and national associations are united in an effort to stamp out the practice of these fakes and appreciate it more than we can say when an intelligent officer of the law, or a private citizen, puts a stop to the game.

"We have had eleven state laws passed making the act a misdemeanor—it amounts to securing money under false pretenses, to say nothing of misrepresenting the 64,000 self-respecting deaf people of this country.

"The states legislating against this form of imposition are: New York, Pennsylvania, Florida, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, Minnesota Nevada and Washington. The penalties range from \$10.00 to \$500.00, and from one to six months. In Oregon an impostor has just been sentenced to a term of one to five years in the State Penitentiary.

"Federal statistics prove 98 per cent of the educated deaf are self-supporting. Each state has a free school where we are taught some useful trade—proving the absurdity of the plea customarily advanced by the fakir he 'desires funds to enter a deaf and dumb school.'

"When meeting a real deaf-mute an impostor endeavors to

decamp as quickly as possible, realizing he can scarcely keep up the deception. If such a one appeals for aid you will be conferring a favor by holding him in conversation while someone stealthily summons an officer. The police can then summon a real deaf-mute to unmask the fraud.

"It is hoped the authorities will not turn such impostors loose with orders to leave town, for that is simply dumping them on surrounding communities which in turn dump theirs back on yours.

"We deaf do not beg. All we ask is a fair deal and no favor; a chance to earn an honest livelihood at whatever occupation we are trained in. May we not count on your kind co-operation?"—*Human Service*.



Picnic Party of mutual friends at Carondelet Park, St. Louis, Mo., in August 1898. Reading from left to right—Minnie Cummings, Mary Fitzpatrick, Sodee Mayfield, Katie Fitzpatrick, Mary Krutzer, Elizabeth Otten, Miss Helfisch.

Letters From a Deaf Father To A Deaf Son

By JAMES F. BRADY

(Continued from last month)

Dear Son:

Your practical common sense is there all right. You wanted to know how you could support yourself while waiting for fame to claim you and for editors to fall over one another to get the exclusive rights to your output. It looks like a stunner for papa, but he is ready to show you a thing or two.

At school you learned the printing trade and it is the only vocation you have had any experience at. I suggest that you take up linotyping for a living and do your writing as a side line. Your experience at the case plus your education will help in making you a good operator. The pay is good and there is a demand for linotypists. The best place for you to learn it is at the Trenton School and if you are agreeable, I will get in touch with Superintendent Pope with a view of starting you there next Autumn. Under the tuition of Mr. Porter, whom there is none held in higher esteem by the deaf all over the country, you will master the mechanism and after you do it you will have to practice for speed. I do not doubt that you will get a place in a printing or publishing office very soon after you leave the school.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

Dear Son:

Mother and I will be at the Graduation Commencement next month and it will give us great pride to see our Jimmy doing his valedictory piece.

It was not so very long ago when you were put to bed by mother and admonished that if you did not go to Sleepland the bogey man would get you, and when you took the trips to Banbury Cross on my back. From a tousled head and a barefooted boy to a dignified senior, looking the world in the face with confidence—all in the twinkling of an eye, as it were.

Your record at college was clean and I see that there are no conditions against your record. So you mastered the studies up to trigonometry! Euclid was not the monster, after all, and Pythagoras a crony of yours?

Indeed, there is nothing like trying.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

Dear Son:

The position you have with the Acme Publishing Company as linotypist is good. You asked my advice if you should join the Typographical Union because the chairman of the chapel insisted on it. My unqualified answer is yes. The possession of a union card is a requisite in most of the good shops. A deaf man, no matter how good he is, will have to accept lower pay than is the scale in a given place if he has no pasteboard attesting to his membership in the Union. There are exceptions, of course, but every deaf printer knows the situation. There are employers who are fair and pay decent wages and there are others who have to be compelled to do so. Individually you cannot get satisfaction except in very unusual cases and backed by the Union you are safe: Go ahead and sign up for membership.

Affectionately yours,
FATHER.

Dear Son:

You are earning good pay and putting some of it in the bank. Need I warn you to shun "get-rich-quick" schemers? You should not buy stock of any kind till you have several thousands in the bank. All stocks are speculative and the most risky are copper and oil stocks. Your common sense will tell you that if a copper mine is really paying, advertising all over the country will not have to be resorted to. Local people who see evidences of money making will buy all the stock or the promoters will keep them and offer them to banks as collateral. If the banks refuse them it is a sure sign that there is something wrong. You will once, or several times, meet with a smooth gentleman who will tell you how your grandparents missed the opportunity of their lives when Standard Oil and Bell Telephone stocks were selling for a dollar a share and look at the price now. Life is a gamble but you see things with open eyes. Do not try to buck against a game wherein the cards are stacked against you. Do not have your name on a "suckers' list" which is peddled from one group of crooks to another. Somehow my name was on such a list—though I will tell you that I never bit yet—and I received a circular from an oil corporation in Texas which told about all the wealth that was coming to us if we had sense enough to fill out the enclosed blank and send along a money order for stocks. I neglected to be enthusiastic. In a few days came a telegram. The psychology of the thing was a "puller" and the bait was so tempting that I nearly fell. "Your last chance. Wire at our expense," etc. But I did not have money enough to take a flyer. In a week the United States Government arrested the whole bunch.

Railroad, public utility and manufacturing bonds are more safe, but there are risks. If you want your money to earn more than four per cent, buy bonds or mortgages. But do not overstep yourself. Leave your money alone and it will grow through compound interest. There may come a time when you can invest it as outlined.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

Dear Son:

In my last letter to you anent stocks I overlooked one good investment—the best for people like us—and your money will earn from six per cent to nine per cent. It is Building and Loan stock. You take out, say, five shares and you pay \$5.00 a month for eleven years and a half. At the end of that time you will get \$1000. If you take out 20 shares you will pay \$20.00 a month and at maturity get \$4000. A Building and Loan Association is a co-operation and it loans money only on real estate and is subject to the laws and scrutiny of the State. It is reasonably safe. If you wish to buy a house through the Building and Loan Association you can pay off the mortgage and principal each month. To illustrate: A house costs \$5000 and you have \$1000 to put down as first payment. The B. & L. A. will investigate the property and if it is found a good investment it will pay the \$4000 and you will pay monthly \$40 to the Association—\$20 for interest of six per cent on \$4000 and \$20 to reduce the principal. Of course the Association will hold title to the property till you pay off and if you fail to do so the mortgage is foreclosed and the Association pockets the \$4000 and interest and turns over to you the balance, if any.

By means of the Association thousands of people have purchased houses which they would not do through other channels.

May I suggest that you take out 20 shares in the Association to which I belong? You never will miss the money and it will come back to you twofold.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

Dear Son:

Of course, I have had your life insured, but because you were deaf I had to pay higher premiums than called for on the contracts. You and I are poor risks. The insurance companies did not know about us and they classed us with the blind, and the cripples and the insane. They evidently are changing their minds now because some of them are putting down the bars and the agent representing Blank Insurance Company told the truth when he said that the company accepts deaf people on par with others. It is all right. What caused the change? The establishment of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf and its continued growth is the answer.

I am sending you a copy of the *Frat* and I want you to study the statistics in the Annual Statement. \$500,000 surplus in the Reserve Fund and \$50,000 in the Disability Fund! And all in less than 25 years! A grand bunch of officers and the best to be found in the country looks after the management. It has passed the experimental stage and is built on firm foundation.

To show you how much faith I have in it, I want you to become a member and get a certificate for \$2000, naming mother as beneficiary. I will pay your dues.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

Dear Son:

I am proud of your spirit of independence. You have joined the N. F. S. D. and want to pay the dues yourself. It is true that you owe mother a whole lot for the many sacrifices she made in your behalf, but please do not consider that I have done anything but what all fathers should do. I have simply shown you the way and filled you up with advice and I am

happy because you are making good. I am now receiving dividends for all the time and money I spent on you—and they take the form of satisfaction and contentment.

You have not yet succeeded in making a name for yourself in the writing field, receiving a few dollars here and there. Rome was not built in a day, remember. Keep on. You have your trade to sustain you.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

Dear Son:

The check for \$200 you sent mother for her to take a vacation anywhere with me filled us both with gratitude, and I suspect you worded it so that it will not appear as a payment to us for the money we expended on your behalf at college.

Who is that wonderful little lady that you now and then mention in your letters? I agree with you that she is the most beautiful, the most cheerful, the most divine little girl that God ever made. It does not matter if I never saw her. You have good judgment and good taste. You must bring her to us to see and to kiss and to fondle.

Who am I that I should write you anything now that you receive the most beautiful sentiments that can escape from a lady's heart? What interest can I have for you?

I know the symptoms, for I went through them and can readily forgive your state of mind.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

Dear Son:

Now that you are married and have a new boss, I surrender the office as guide and adviser. Mother and I will not butt into your affairs unless you and the wife wish for information that is necessary for all married people to know.

With the best wishes for a blissful and eventful married life, I now conclude this series of letters.

Affectionately,
FATHER.



TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE KAPPA GAMMA FRATERNITY OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE, NEW EBBITT HOTEL, WASHINGTON, MARCH 8th, 1924—DR. CLOUD WAS THE GUEST OF HONOR, AND SPOKE UPON "THE OLD GUARD."

THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson

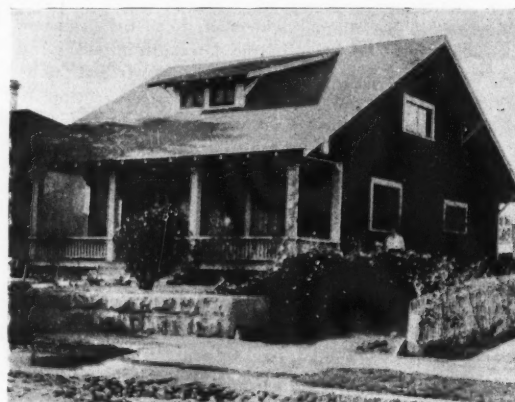


IN A FEW cases opportunity seeks the man. The cases in which opportunity seeks the deaf man are so rare as to be practically negligible. I never heard of any. Usually a deaf man is kept hustling from morning till night to even keep within hailing distance of opportunity. A deaf man can succeed best by making the most of the seemingly trifling conditions of every day life. This is what Nelson Wood of Canada did. Then to meet opportunity he changed nationalities and crossed a continent. This is how he did it.

Nelson Wood was born in Canada on a farm. He attended the Belleville, Ontario, school from 1886 to 1896. There he learned the rudiments of printing, but devoted much more of his time to oil and water color painting, and to brush work with India ink. Upon leaving school he was an apprentice for nearly five years as a lithographic artist in London, Canada. Eye strain forced the abandonment of this profession and to secure outdoor activity he took to the more prosaic work of selling hand painted sofa cushion tops.

Being frugally inclined and careful of his savings, Mr. Wood made his first investment in a house which he bought in Hamilton, Ontario, for \$2600. This he rented for one year, his first experience as a landlord. Then he married an old schoolmate, Henrietta Hammel, of Tottenham, Ontario. Meanwhile Mr. Wood's brother, Vincent Wood, was becoming well settled in California. Correspondence between the two brothers convinced Nelson Wood that his opportunity lay in California. So he sold his house in Ontario for \$3500, an advance of \$900, and with his wife and little daughter pulled up stakes for the long overland journey to the Golden State.

Mr. Wood settled in Santa Barbara and with exceedingly good judgment invested the money received from the sale of his home in Canada in another home. His new investment was near the center of the business section of Santa Barbara



First bungalow purchased by Nelson Wood in Santa Barbara. This house cost \$3100 and was sold after four years for \$5250, an advance of \$2150.

and was made on the rising tide of a great increase in population of the town. For this home he paid \$3100. He resided in it four years and then sold it for \$5250, an advance of \$2150.



New Buick garage owned by Vincent Wood. Nelson Wood is employed here as bookkeeper. This garage which has 26 employees is said to be the finest on the highway between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Car sales average seventy a month.

With the money received from the sale of this second house, Mr. Wood bought a third house and resided in it for one year. This place he then rented and bought a fourth house, a duplex with a shoe shop on the corner. The shoe shop is run by Albert Munro, a classmate of Mr. Wood's at Belleville. Altogether the rentals received by Mr. Wood from his shoe shop and houses return an income of 12 per cent clear on the investments.

Mr. Wood is now bookkeeper for his brother Vincent, who has the Buick and Cadillac agencies for several coast counties, and a garage rated the finest along the highway from San



Second house purchased by Mr. Wood in Santa Barbara. He still owns this five room cottage which returns a good rental.

Francisco to Los Angeles. His salary as a bookkeeper and his income from his properties are enabling Nelson Wood to provide well for his family and also advance steadily along the road to economic independence in his old age, if not sooner. His daughter, now grown, attends high school. He has a new Buick automobile and can enjoy the many pleasant scenic drives which southern California affords the year around.

It is quite easy to analyze the method by which Mr. Wood has made his successful start in life. Almost any deaf man can make the initial step, which consists in saving a part of your income. An investment in real estate can be easily made also, but whether it will prove profitable depends upon good judgment in the purchase of it and care in subsequent handling, in keeping up the property, in making resales, or if renting it in securing proper tenants and treating the latter in the right manner. All of these qualifications Mr. Wood seems to possess.



Nelson Wood's third investment in Santa Barbara. This duplex house and shoe shop not only provides a home for Mr. Wood and his family but also nets a good income. The shoe shop is run by a deaf man, a former classmate of Mr. Wood.

for he has made profits on all of his purchases, with possibly the exception of a lot which he still owns in Winnipeg, Canada. Two fifteen year endowment life insurance policies which have matured may have provided him with a needed supply of capital at a propitious time. It must be remembered that Mr. Wood has been raising a family and a man raising

a family usually invests in a home to live in, which is usually something of a drag, as compared with investments for purely commercial reasons. We see how Mr. Wood resold his homes several times before he could invest in a piece of property to be treated as an investment pure and simple and not as a home. Now that he has reached this point we predict for Mr. Wood a more rapid advance than ever in his fortunes.

❖ ❖ ❖

It is predicted that the population of California will double within the next ten years. Certain it is that growth is being made at an astonishing rate. Any one investing in material things in California is sure to be carried along with the tide and to reap corresponding benefits. A man who placed a thousand dollars on a mortgage ten years ago in this state, now has his money back. It may have drawn good interest, but actually the man is poorer than he was as



Mrs. Nelson and daughter, Ella Violet, 14 years old.

the purchasing value of the dollar is much less now than it was ten years ago. A man who purchased real estate in California ten years ago, has generally seen his property double in value, if it has not increased even more than that. It requires good judgment that not all of us possess to make investments which have returned as good profits as Mr. Wood has received. Yet it seems that nowhere within the next ten years can more sound and substantial investments be made than in California.

❖ ❖ ❖

Expenses of delegates to and from conventions of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf are defrayed by the home office. Though the delegates are expected to and generally do devote a great deal of hard work to convention week, the inducement of a free trip as well as the more or less dignity and honor attached to the office of delegate, has made the latter about the choicest plum that can be awarded by local divisions. Usually the elected delegate is a leader



Nelson Wood and family with their new Buick car. Picture was taken in the winter time and shows the all-year-round climate of southern California.

in his division and one of the most capable men. Individual members are aware that their interests in the society should be entrusted to capable hands. There may however be others whose labors in the interest of the society should be rewarded in a substantial fashion. It has happened that the alternate chosen by Berkeley Division, No. 79, is such a man and plans are now under way to send him to the St. Paul convention on financial terms fully as favorable as those given the delegate. It costs considerable to send representatives from California across the Rocky Mountains, but Berkeley Division is tackling the matter in the proper spirit. The first entertainment staged for the "alternate fund," as it is called, netted more than fifty dollars and at this rate the goal will soon be achieved. Berkeley Division's method of rewarding men giving faithful service year after year to their lodge may not be entirely original, but it will certainly be worthy of imitation and will insure the local division a continuation of this efficient service.

ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



JUNE: The mere word suggests roses, weddings, commencement and vacation plans. But in Los Angeles we do not have to wait for June to have roses and "rare days in June," for we have roses all the year round and there are many "perfect days" in other months as well as in June.

I was amused by a "Vacation Editorial" of George Ade's, and I am profiting by Mrs. Deliglio's advice that articles must be prepared several months before the time of publication. Some of Ade's terse advice is:

"When the days are long, get ready to file off the ball and chain."

"No matter where you are, go somewhere else. Only an oyster remains forever at the old homestead."

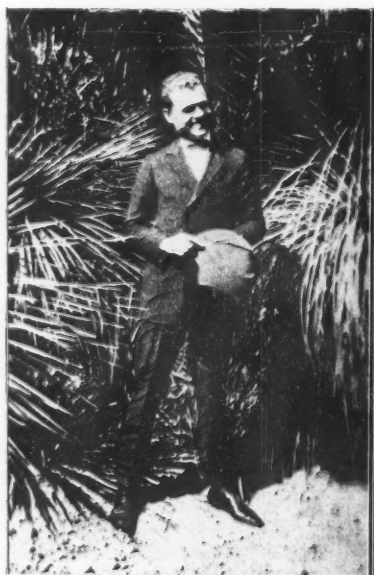
"It is true that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets rid of the rough corners and takes on a lovely polish. Besides, who wants to be covered with moss?"

"If the All-Wise Arranger had meant for you to look out of the same window all the time, he wouldn't have given you legs."

"Go on a journey every year so that you may jolt out of your head-piece the notion that our home township is the steering gear of the universe."

And much more in a like strain, but if you read Ade you can imagine the rest. Ade was writing about vacation taken in the summer, but judging from the tourists here people are taking vacations now, at all seasons.

The writer had a vacation the last week in January, spending it with relatives on a ranch near El Centro, in the Imperial Valley of California. I had been advised to go down there in the winter as I would not be able to stand the intense heat in the summer. As it was dark when I arrived at El Centro, I could not see much of the country during the auto ride to the ranch, so it was not until the next morning that I viewed the



GERALD A. WEAR
Los Angeles, Cal., Winter of 1923-1924.



MRS. MABEL MYERS BULMER
Los Angeles, educated at the Nebraska School.



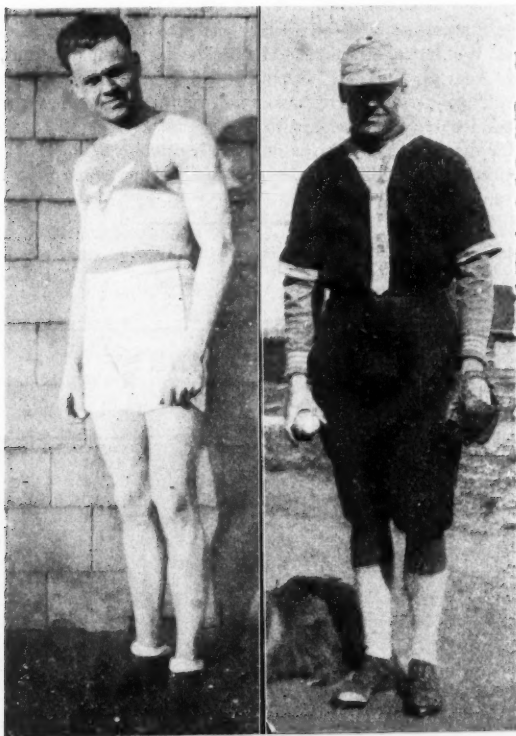
FLOYD BULMER
Los Angeles, a skilled cabinet maker, formerly of Wisconsin.

country irrigated by canals parallel to the roads, which bring water from the Colorado River. In later rides around the country I saw the wonderful fields of cotton, head lettuce, alfalfa, cantaloupes, groves of date palms, lemons and grape fruit, all this the reclamation of what twenty years ago was called "the bottom of the bowl" of the Colorado desert. Sixty thousand people now live in the valley, of which El Centro is the county seat. The town boasts a large modern hotel, the "Barbara Worth." On the walls of its lobby are interesting paintings depicting the history and gradual development of the valley.

The newspapers here have given much space to the project of the U. S. Government to construct a dam on the Colorado River, at or near Boulder Canyon, and if this is done more of the desert will be reclaimed.



El Centro is only about eight miles from the border towns of Calexico and Mexicali, through which we passed on our way to visit a ranch where a nephew was employed as timekeeper of the cotton pickers. The United States Customs officials stopped our auto at the border; on the main street of the two towns and a few yards further we met the Mexican officials, also, and they contented themselves with merely



Gerald Wear just before run of 10 miles on Thanksgiving Day, 1922, from Minneapolis to St. Paul. The Eaton Co. at Winnipeg, Canada, gave him the Jersey with crest wing E as prize for running 12 miles. The picture to the right shows him in baseball togs with Rex which he bought as a pup in Winnipeg, Canada. The dog was his constant companion for nearly four years until he was stolen in Minneapolis last year.

giving us a "once over" and asking a few questions. Now we were in Mexicali, Mexico, which did not look any different from Calexico, but very soon we noted a distinct difference, for in the suburbs of the town we saw the last of a paved road and our trip for the next twenty miles was on a dusty road. It was the cotton picking season and we passed mile after mile of cotton fields, but saw no pickers. After going part of the way we were met by our nephew, a fortunate thing, as without any road signs and directions we might have been lost. Arriving at our destination, a twelve thousand acre cotton

ranch at Black Butte, Baja California (Mexico), our party of five was invited to a turkey dinner with the American manager of the ranch and his wife. After dinner, with our nephew's mother I walked through the camp of the Mexican cotton pickers. I was told there were three more of these camps on the ranch. These people move away when the cotton season is over, and the huts were of the most primitive kind, with thatches of grass and palm leaves, the camp looking like a little tropical village. We had a glimpse of some of the interiors and I wish our housekeeping expert, Mrs. Moore, had been along, to see how easy housekeeping is for these women. These women talked Spanish, which my companion could speak, but not very fluently, and in one case a young woman (trying to explain why her foot was bandaged) used very good natural signs showing how some one stepped on it while she was at a dance!

Later we went to the section where the cotton pickers were working. We met many of them on the road, at which I wondered, and when we arrived at the great half-filled wagon of cotton there were more standing around but none working, which puzzled me as it was only mid-afternoon. Soon I learned what had happened—the men had struck for higher wages! Soon they all dispersed on being told they would be given the increase, but I missed seeing them in action picking King Cotton. We had to leave early and on reaching the customs officials they were just as lenient as in the morning. I expressed surprise at this, having heard of the way they searched auto parties, and one of the gentlemen said it was because we were all so honest and respectable looking.



A young deaf man who hopes to follow in the footsteps of such great ball players as Hoy, Luther Taylor and Glenn Curtis, has been in training in Los Angeles the past winter. His name is Gerald A. Wear and he has been playing semi-professional baseball in Western Canada and various towns of the United States during the past seven years. He has such a large number of letters of recommendations, press clippings about various games he has played, and photographs, that it was a problem just which items to select for this sketch. Perhaps it is best to begin with his more recent activities. He played at Portland, Oregon, last September 15th, for the Grotto Club against the Elks Club, and has some references from the President and Business Manager of the Portland Baseball Club of the Pacific Coast League. His letter from President Klepper of the Portland Club said in part: "In fact, the Elks and Grotto were offering different prizes and Wear was awarded the first prize for the best all around player of the two clubs."

His friends were delighted when not long ago he was given a try-out by the Vernon Baseball Club of Los Angeles, known as "The Tigers," of the Pacific Coast League. But they had an over supply of recruit pitchers and could not retain him, so released him that he might get a position elsewhere, giving him a good letter of recommendation.

Besides being a baseball player he is an all around athlete interested in all kinds of sports. In Canada he added skiing, ice skating, racing, barrel jumping, and hockey to his other accomplishments.

Gerald Wear was educated at the School for the Deaf at Fulton, Missouri, graduating in 1917. That fall he went to Winnipeg, Canada, to become athletic and physical instructor in the school for the deaf there. He remained there four years and among his letters are some from Canadian officials praising his work there and his ability in handling the boys.

He has met many professional baseball players who could talk to him on their fingers, having learned the alphabet from Luther Taylor, others who used the doublehanded alphabet, and has taught a number the alphabet himself. This was the subject of a cartoon and humorous sketch in the *Illustrated Daily News*. The cartoon showed two ball players, one with a large book open before him, from which he was making strange gestures to the

other, who looked puzzled and had a question mark issuing from his cap. One of "The Tigers," Kimmick, had undertaken to learn to talk to Wear (the account said) so he could praise or (as occasions arose) roast the pitcher for the manager. Some of his clippings of the interviews with sporting editors give a glimpse of the way they regard deafness and wonder at Wear's cheerfulness. One editor calls him an "athlete, gentleman, and joy dispenser," and says that after Wear left, he left the editor thinking, and thinking hard. What he thought is too lengthy to quote here, but he starts by saying: "It's mighty tough to be dumb and it's hard luck to be deaf, and it's a heavier cross to bear to have both of these afflictions," etc.

Mr. Wear expects to go to Texas or Oklahoma soon with two deaf boys, in his Buick car, and will be looking for a better chance to make the club of any league. He has a deaf sister, Mrs. Christina B. Collier, and a deaf brother, Carl. He can be located by writing to his brother Carl Wear, Catawba, Wisconsin.

LITTLE GRAMS

Church weddings among the deaf have been out of style of recent years, so it was a pleasure to again see a pretty church wedding, the night of February 20th, at St. Andrews Episcopal Church. The contracting parties were two of our popular young people, Mr. Floyd Bulmer and Miss Mabel Myers. They were attended by Miss Elvira Worswick and her cousin, as bridesmaid and best man. The church was packed with the invited friends of the couple who watched the bridal party move slowly up the aisle keeping perfect time to the strains of the Lohengren Wedding March. Rev. Clarence Webb performed the ceremony, using the ring service of the Episcopal Church. After receiving the congratulations and good wishes of their friends the newlyweds managed to slip away, but the people lingered and as they came from the church noticed that Mr. Bulmer's car was parked not far away. The couple emerged from a side door and made a dash

for the auto amid a shower of rice, old shoes and confetti, and finally got away on their trip to San Francisco.

Mr. Ould came to our house one night bringing a stranger who proved to be Mr. Albert Ballin, a recent arrival from New York City. He made the trip on the steamer "Finland," going through the Panama Canal, and declared it a most glorious trip, and he could hardly realize it when told he was in California. On first viewing the traffic and pedestrians downtown he did not see much difference between New York City and Los Angeles, but after awhile he felt something was lacking, and found it was the absence of horses!

Mrs. Frank B. Roberts arranged a pleasant and unique birthday celebration, giving a party on April sixteenth, in honor of "Seven April Birthdays." Those honored and their birthdays were Mrs. Addie Owen, April 2nd, Mrs. A. Hultene, April 10th, Mrs. Llewellyn, April 11th, Mr. Roberts, April 14th, Mr. Edwards, April 17th, Mr. Sparling, April 26th, and Mr. Brimble, April 30th. Each had a birthday cake, and with the lighted candles and unwrapping of numerous gifts it looked like Christmas. A good idea for celebrating a number of birthdays that fall in the same month.

We promised to detail further the progress of the Anderson and Wohlfarth Furniture Manufacturing Company, Inc., of Los Angeles. This has been held up by the unavoidable delay in getting permits for a broker and for the stock salesmen and other legal work necessary to insure that everything connected with the project is carried on in a legitimate manner. At this writing this is all finished and the permits have just been received.

That which before us lies daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

—John Milton.

The Mitchelsons of Montebello, California



DOUGLAS MITCHELSON



MRS. DOUGLAS MITCHELSON
(Formerly Sadie Mayfield, of St. Louis, Mo.)



Left to right—Joseph Mitchelson hunting in Baldwin Mountains, San Bernardino County, California; Florence Mitchelson touring and Mary Mitchelson hiking at Bear Lake, California.

The New Jersey School

[Visitors to the New Jersey School for the Deaf leave favorably impressed and usually write letters or newspaper articles praising the up-to-dateness of the school. These two and the comments made by Dr. Cloud on another page are samples of impressions formed—Ed. Worker.]

Monday and part of Tuesday, it was our good fortune to visit the New Jersey School for the first time. Mr. Pope, the Supt., warmly welcomed us, and afforded us every opportunity to inspect the work in his school, especially in the industrial department. Without question the Trenton School has the most completely equipped trade-training shops in the country. Right there we spent several hours inspecting every phase of instruction. We were pleased to meet our brother-printer, George S. Porter, the popular and well-loved publisher of the *SILENT WORKER*. We saw with genuine interest the work of the shop-language classes and felt here that the one disadvantage in our trade training is being removed. We also met Mr. Johnson, the head of the industrial department, and could see his invaluable service. The academic department with Prof. Brill in charge is turning out some good work.

In the afternoon Mr. Pope took us to his new school site out in the country, and it was a revelation to us. The primary school plant built on the cottage plan is nearing completion and represents an expenditure of half a million dollars. A wonderful school it is! Undoubtedly, the most elegant and best planned primary school to be found anywhere. The one-story school building with its lofty clock tower and four cottages, two on each side to the rear, and a twin-cottage opposite on the rear end, presents a view pleasant to the eye, and also shows excellent ideas. Every building is connected with each other by means of underground tunnels. Every conceivable improvement and last word in equipment is there. We learned with surprise that not one head of a school for the deaf has so far stopped to visit the new plant though a number have passed through Trenton. We would suggest that any superintendent do not proceed with building new structures at his school till he has seen Mr. Pope's, for there he will get some new ideas in the way of plans, housekeeping, etc. We also saw some good class work at the new school under Miss Marbut, teacher of experience.

Perhaps, one of the most interesting places to visit at the old school is the so-called Pope cottage. It was formerly a horse stable, but has been converted into sleeping quarters

for the older boys. All the remodelling work was done by the boys occupying that house. They installed bath-tubs, wash-stands, electric, etc., out of old junks, and the girls helped make it cozy with pillows, table covers and curtains. The boys would not exchange their home for the whole world.

Mr. Pope is certainly a live-wire, and knows how to get the money. When completed, his new school plant will cost upwards of one million dollars and a half.

Just watch New Jersey.—O. W. Underhill, in *Florida School Herald*.

Perhaps it may interest some of the readers of the *JOURNAL* to tell of the Trenton School, where the illustrated magazine for the deaf, the *Silent Worker*, is published.

First we called on our old-time chum and classmate, Mr. George S. Porter, who made the *Silent Worker* what it is today, for he built it up gradually from a small school paper to a fine magazine. We found him busy in his office, not only supervising the printing of the *Silent Worker*, but on other work for the state of New Jersey.

Mr. Porter has an assistant for each of his several departments—linotype, press-work, proof-reading, photo-engraving, etc.

When last we visited the *Silent Worker* office, about twelve years ago, all the work was mostly done by hand, but today all the composition is done by eight linotype machines, and the office space has been doubled, new presses added, folding and stitching machines installed, and an up-to-date photo-engraving outfit added, making the establishment indeed a very big plant in which to turn out lots of work.

Though Mr. Porter was quite busy, and pretty tired from moving his household goods to a new house he had just purchased, he kindly showed me around, and on the day we called to see him, last Friday, he even took me to see the new school, at Trenton Junction, where the Primary Department there was opened last fall, though not completed.

From what we were able to see, the place will be a model school for the deaf. The old school buildings were never intended for a school for the deaf, never having ample accommodations for all the deaf of school age.

The grounds, though now seemingly a wilderness, are being fixed up by landscape gardeners, and with a lake on the left side, it looks to me as if in the winter time the pupils will have a real fine skating rink right at hand.—Anthony Capelle in *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

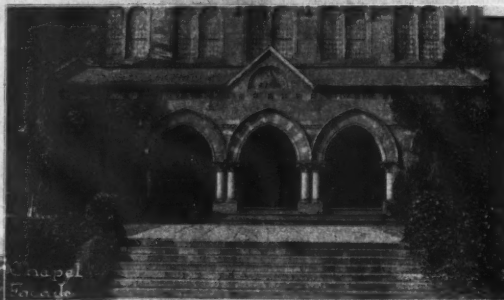
Gallaudet the Beautiful.



College Hall from Near Campus



Sophia Fowler Hall

Chapel
Facade

Ten Ivy-Mantled Towers



Looking West



Promenade and Terrace



Main Campus from Coffin Door

A few of the beauty spots on Kendall Green whose shady lawns and ivy mantled
20-25, to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary

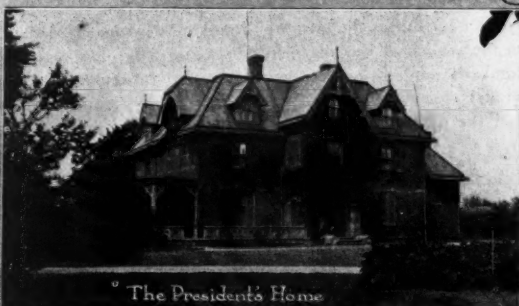
Views of the Campus



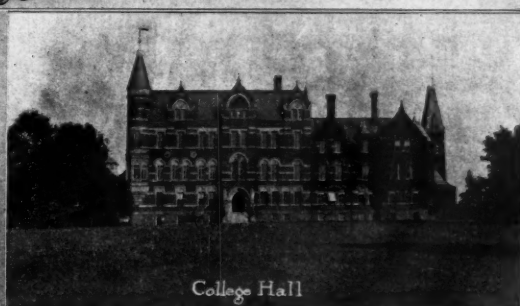
Main Entrance, Florida Avenue



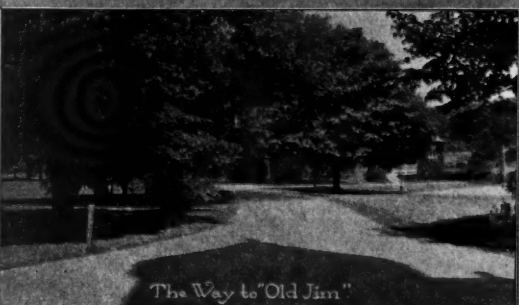
Chapel Hall, Front View



The President's Home



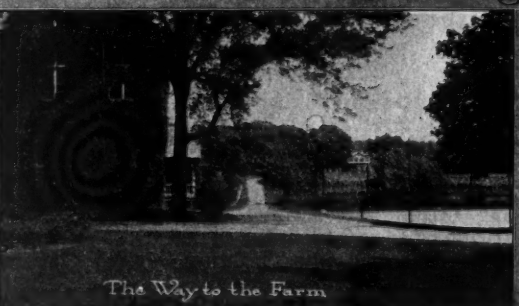
College Hall



The Way to "Old Jim"



Gymnasium and Tennis Court



The Way to the Farm



View from the East

Photos by Austin, '18

buildings will welcome loyal sons and daughters of Gallaudet when they gather, June of the founding of the College.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

MY OLD friend Mr. M. M. Taylor, of Little Rock, Ark., is certainly persistent in trying to land the next N. A. D. Convention in his home city. If Mr. Taylor would only aim for 1929 or 1932 his efforts might be rewarded, but as far as 1926 is concerned there isn't the remotest chance of a meeting in the fair Southland since, being a National organization, the body he is after could not hold a meeting in the same section of the country twice in succession. Two of the Vice-Presidents on the present board are from the South, but it is extremely improbable that either of them would vote for a southern city as the scene of the next meeting.

A fine effort at travel writing was recently printed in the *Journal* from the pen of Mr. Albert V. Ballin, who details a trip from New York to San Diego, California, by way of the Panama Canal. When Mr. Ballin was in the advertising business he became very friendly with such film magnates as Ince, Read and other high grade producers, and through those friendships took a great interest in the production side of the film business, and from that graduated to authorship, and from among the several plays he wrote, he hopes to break in among the successful. As some one with opportunities to judge has stated that only one in a hundred thousand writers of scripts is successful, it will be seen that if he wins success he will be most fortunate, and there will be great rejoicing in New York if Ballin hits the mark.

Another unusual enterprise undertaken by a deaf man is the "Clar-Box" mail order business recently established by Mr. Clarence A. Boxley, of Troy, N. Y., whose name is woven into the title by which it is known. Mr. Boxley aims to win the trade of the rural population and in these days of the auto and the trolley car, and with the persistency of the big Chicago mail order houses, I think Mr. Boxley has a fine future at his old vocation at collar cutting in Troy, though I surely wish him well. In his circular Mr. Boxley informs the public that he has associated with him "The only person in the United States authorized to buy goods at wholesale prices," which is interesting if true.

Apropos of my story in the last issue of this publication with reference to the unusually clean spelling of two colored boys, a correspondent writes to suggest that black fingers and hands, with the proper background, are more likely to stand out clearer than white hands and fingers.

And this reminds me that at one of the most successful of the winter's big dancing events here in New York, two young colored men danced frequently with white girls for partners, and no one seemed to regard it as out of the usual, except one young woman who asked me if that could have happened at Atlanta, and I informed her not only would it be an utter impossibility, but that in Atlanta at the two conventions held there since 1921, no colored deaf people put in an appearance, though at the 1921 meeting there, there were a few colored deaf persons who stood across the street from the hotel one

evening to see what they could see, but they made no effort to come nearer, for in the South the thing simply isn't possible.

It isn't often that a body of deaf people can take the reins of management of an organization existing ostensibly to benefit them, but which is really an organization of the hearing, by the hearing for the purpose of making deaf people dependent on the whims of hearing men who regard the deaf as so many dumbbells unfit to govern themselves and incapable of knowing what is for their own good. Events are so shaping themselves that the details will soon be public property, and it will have been demonstrated that you can't fool the deaf people all the time. The end will be in that the organization will be for and of the deaf.

My old Colorado friend, George William Veditz, makes public a bid for the next National Association of the Deaf to be held in Colorado Springs, and he backs the invitation up with an offer to handle the local end of the meeting himself. There isn't any doubt but what he could give the Association a grand time, and those of us who enjoyed that city's hospitality in 1910, know that there isn't a finer place in the United States for conventions, but the question is as to the desirability of "repeating." In its more than four decades of existence the Association has not met in the same city twice, and probably will not unless a great exposition should be the attraction, and a great exposition certainly helps draw the crowd, at least that was true when the Chicago and St. Louis meetings were held, though the Norfolk Exposition did not go very far towards helping out. While it is only my own opinion, I think Denver stands a better chance for either a National or a Fraternal congress than does Colorado Springs, and if Denver should win one of the meetings, a day's outing to Colorado Springs would be included as a matter of course, so we would still be able to get Veditz welcome in the Garden of the Gods, or up on Pike's Peak. The mention of either just makes one hunger for another taste of Colorado.

Speaking of Conventions, St. Paul is just in the offing and promises to be one of the greatest ever. The local entertainment fund is in the neighborhood of \$4000, and as the amount is to be used exclusively for the purpose of entertaining the delegates and visitors, it will be seen that they are due to share in unlimited enjoyment. Sifted down fine this means that the greater part will be spent entertaining wives of officers and delegates, and those who go as recreationists, for the delegates and alternates as well as the officers of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf attend a Triennial Conclave of the organization with work cut out for them, and this eliminates every semblance of a picnic. Usually, five of the six days that a convention lasts are utilized wholly for work, and work begins promptly at eight or nine in the morning and lasts right up to six o'clock, with a brief rest for luncheon and no one is late, and no one is excused. Sometimes there are evening business sessions, and I have known them to run eight hours straight from supper time.

A single day off for an outing with all who are in the city, and one evening for a banquet mark the only intervals that are free from the grind of work, and I have known delegates to declare, at the end of such a week, that under no circumstances would they stand for election as a delegate again. From the East visitors and delegates will use the New York Central Lines, the New Englanders meeting those who go from, and through New York at Albany, from which point accessions will be received at Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, and points west, and Chicago be reached Saturday morning where over night hotel accommodations will be arranged, thus affording a stay in Chicago that will enable the travelers to join in with Division 1 at their picnic, and take in an entertainment at the S. A. C. that evening. Sunday morning, at ten, a special will be run over the Burlington route that will land the tourists in St. Paul the same evening, after a run of nearly four hundred miles paralleling the Mississippi River, and the train will pick up many other delegates at Dubuque and other points who have come from St. Louis and points west and south. After St. Paul is all through entertaining, Duluth offers added attractions and entertainment, and many will return east via the greatest lakes, a four-day trip at sea, from Duluth to Buffalo. There never has been, in the annals of the deaf, a more inviting prospect.

We don't often refer to oddities in nomenclature nowadays, but the fact that the *Journal's* Washington correspondent states that among Easter visitors in the Capital were the Misses Pearl Lamb and Maude Beaver of Mt. Vernon, Virginia, so Easter Sunday down there couldn't have been such a cold, dreary day as most other places experienced.

At lunch today the waiter was most sympathetic. He wrote down on the back of the *carte du jour*: "Your not being able to hear is most fortunate," which surprised me not a little, and I asked why. He then informed me that twice since I had been eating, trays had been dropped making an awful racket. I told him that while I had no idea what my earnings since January first were, but I would gladly give them all in exchange for the pleasure of sitting there in the restaurant listening to waiters dropping trays for a week, and then I guess, but am not at all sure, that he saw things in a different light.

Was out purchasing a desk yesterday, in a store I had never been in before, and after hunting around with my eyes, located what I was in search of, and asked the clerk the price. He immediately wrote down, "Mahogany, 32x38, four drawers, \$42." As I had never laid eyes on the man before, I asked him how he knew I could not hear, and then it was his turn to be surprised, for he told me that to avoid mistakes he wrote a similar memorandum and gave it to the purchaser, for every desk that seemed to strike the buyer's favor. Not a bad plan by the way, and mighty handy for deaf shoppers.

Years and years ago, when I was detailing things for "We Deaf: Our Woes," I included data covering the petty thief who always wants our pencil, and invariably puts it in his own pocket. I still meet him and his kind, and one of the breed got three whole and nearly sharpened pencils from me in the course of a week or so, and when he pocketed the third, I spoke right up and told him that he could retain it and when he had stolen the twelfth, I would send him a bill at dozen rates. It isn't the petty, trivial, picayune loss of the value of a lead pencil, but it's the having to be without one just when one is needed, and you are without one not because of lack of foresight, but because when some one swipes it, and as he generally does it deliberately, we are left without the only thing that most of us hear with.

The cub reporter still does deadly work, and it gets by.

A New York paper recently told all about a school for the deaf, and made the children "inmates," stretched the truth and perverted it till one longed to sit down and write to the editor, but one didn't because the mischief was already done, and calling attention to it afterward would only be making matters worse.

At a recent meeting of the New York Local Chapter of the National Association of the Deaf, two otherwise intelligent deaf men asked "What good the Local Branch did?" It is a frequent propounded question, yet the officers and a few members work unceasingly to make it bigger and better, and widen its scope. They are hindered, not helped, by those who flippantly ask what good it does. It would seem that the question is asked with only the purely personal and purely selfish idea. The New York Local has had only a few problems, and the two biggest was clearing Government obstructions to the stay here of a deaf immigrant girl, who has probably never even heard of the N. A. D., and of clearing the way for deaf people to get auto licenses without undue red tape and restriction, and the only applicant so far is a deaf man who hasn't enough interest in his fellow deaf to join the N. A. D., nor for that matter hasn't interest enough in his fellow deaf to join any organization except his school alumni body. The New York local has no funds to spare on hall rent, as its income is very small, so when meetings are held, they are held at one of the schools for the deaf, and the last was held at Fanwood which is in a mighty inaccessible locality. The New York Local has a fund of about \$200, where the Trenton Local has over \$1000. If all New Yorkers were as loyal as the Jerseymen, and joined in the same proportion, it would have \$50,000 to work with and 3000 members. It's a waste of time to answer such a fool question as above propounded. The way to help the N. A. D. Local and National is to pitch in and work.



MISS WINIFRED DEDRECK

This young lady smiling at you in this picture is the author of the article "Look for Joy in Work," which appeared on page 379 in last issue.

Nad-frat Go-getters

By J. H. Meagher

"It is never too late to learn," is proven by the interesting career of Sol M. Henoch—a Nad-frat for 17 years. For Sol is making good—again.

Big Sol graduated—degree of A.M.—in 1879 from Notre Dame University (they did not feature college athletics in those days, unfortunately.) For 33 years he kept a cigar-candy-pool-and-billiard emporium in his home town of LaPorte, Indiana—less than two hours ride from Chicago. From around eight every morning until sometimes midnight Sol was on the



SOL M. HENOC

job with that constant sunny smile of his. Sent his two sons thru college; his third child, a daughter, now has one more season at the University of Michigan. A model citizen, a credit to the deaf. Saving, little by little, Sol finally paid the last installment on one of those charming nine-room, small-town-residences with its aureole of fragrant small-town flowers—such as we blase Big Cityites remember with fond childish recollections. "Them wuz the happy days."

Sol might still be putting in from twelve to sixteen Union hours a day selling cigars and popping pool, had not the aftermath of the great war caused steadily rising rents. When rents reached the point where Sol's profits were all wiped out, he sold out and looked around for fresh fields of endeavor. "I'd rather wear out than rust," he explained.

One of his brothers is a prominent electrical engineer in the Westinghouse Electric branch office in Los Angeles, which has its own printing plant. (One of his sons holds a similar position in the San Francisco branch of Westinghouse.) The brother urged Sol to take the linotype course at the Mergenthaler Linotype School in Chicago. "The tuition fee is only \$10 a week; the work is sure and steady, and just suited to an edu-

cated man who can't rely on his hearing," wrote the brother. "I'll get you a steady job here."

Sol is not as young as he once was—though he looks fifteen years younger than a college graduate of '79 can possibly be. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," they say, and learning the linotype has driven many a young printer to drink (certain uncharitable souls have insinuated I, me, myself, have been half-crazy ever since being introduced to one of those type-tinker-toys of Herr Ottmar Mergenthaler.)

Sol patiently completed the linotype operator course, then decided to master the machinist's branch as well. After three months' study left the school as fully competent linotype operator-machinist—which assures good wages and steady work.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," they say—but Sol proved they are wrong.

As soon as Sol can dispose of most of his property, he will take his wife and daughter out to Los Angeles, become a good Union printer, and take a good permanent job at good Union wages. His second son—a lawyer in LaPorte—can care for his remaining business interests in the old home town. Out there in ever-sunny Southern California he will find ten to thirty years of pleasant, peaceful existence—for that is the one perfect spot in all God's good green footstool. Sol is a "go-getter," he knew what he wanted; went after it; got it.

"It is never too late to learn."

Thirty Years Ago

While a number of the editors of the l. p. f. have passed to the Great Beyond since those days, we still have with us quite a number of the Old Guard. McClure, Blattner, J. L. Smith, Long, Caldwell, Veditz, Tracy, Everett, Cloud, Hodgson and a few other. Their pens are as trenchant and forceful as ever and their writings indicate a vigor of mind which is difficult to excel.

We little dreamed thirty years ago that any school for the deaf would ever publish such a fine school paper as the *Silent Worker*. It is as creditable as any magazine published. Bro. Porter has been continually improving this paper since the days when I used to loaf around his printing department. New papers have come into existence and many of the old ones have greatly improved in appearance. Among those that have reached a very high standard we might mention, *The Utah Eagle*; *The Hawkeye*; *The Maryland Bulletin*; *The North Dakota Banner*; *The Index*; *The Virginia Guide*; *The Oregon Outlook*; *The Rocky Mountain Leader*; *The Companion*; *The Deaf Mississippian*; *The Advance*; *The Record*; *Institute Herald* and a number of others. *The Lone Star*, although improved in appearance, lacks the punch which Harris Taylor and J. W. Blattner formerly gave it to it. *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* continues to serve the deaf world in an efficient way. *The Kentucky Standard* is still the same fine, readable paper it always was, though it has dispensed with its neat cover. Many independent papers for the deaf have had life during the period of which I write but only a very few have survived. Among these the *Jewish Deaf* seems to be the one that is "up and coming."—Thomas S. McAloney, Superintendent of the Colorado Schools for the Deaf and Blind.

A BOWLING CHALLENGE

The Twin City Deaf Star bowlers, who have made the largest score in the inter-city contest between St. Paul and Minneapolis which has ended March 2, are willing to challenge any deaf bowling team from other states to play a series of games in St. Paul during the Frat convention. Fine prizes will be rewarded to the winners—All teams must consist of six players.

All challenges should be sent in to Anton Schroeder, care of Charles Thompson Memorial Hall St. Paul Minnesota, by July 1st. at the latest.

Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. N. F. Walker as Mother and Friend

(Written for the HERALD by a former boy pupil of the South Carolina School, who today is one of the most successful deaf citizens of South Carolina. In his tribute he expresses his devotion and gratitude to his school mother.—U.)



IN THE DEATH of our dear old Mrs. N. F. Walker we lost more than a friend, for she also had been a good mother to all the deaf and the blind children at the school.

The public not being intelligently acquainted with our ability in spite of our misfortune or handicap, most of our parents did not understand properly how to train us, and it was from Mrs. Walker we got our first maternal



Mrs. N. F. Walker

training. For forty-six years she had looked after us, the care of which was not in any way a common and official sense. She was the mother to us all, ever with a smile on her face as she served us day and night, always ready to minister to us in our health, sickness, pleasure, and troubles that we had. She was always gentle, patient, and tender in her discipline. A few words of admonition and an expression of displeasure or disapproval on her face were enough, and we heeded her. She loved us and we reciprocated the same.

When she died, one of the boys happened to be short of cash to buy a floral tribute and it was, of course, too late to send home for some more money, but yet he tried to do what he could. He gathered wild flowers from the field and materials in the yard and with his own original idea and with much patience and labor, he succeeded in fixing up a praiseworthy make-up for his tribute, which was admired and appreciated by the family. When the home of one of the girls was visited by a distinguished person who remarked that her rooms were orderly and well cleaned. "Yes, Mrs. Walker taught me to do these while at school," was her proud and ready answer. These are just two of many instances of our love, and of good, abundant fruits of her long unselfish labor for us.

Now she is gone, and we miss her, but it is, however, a consolation for us to know that she, like the wise virgins, was ready when called. And what is more, she returned more talents than received.

Her mother was a member of a family that was a branch of the prominent Virginia family, one member of which being a son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson, and therefore she was a sweet and graceful Southern gentlewoman. It would be natural for any body in her class to seek and enjoy life among people of her rank and not willing to wait on the children who are more or less neglected by their own people. But Mrs. Walker was not that sort. When married, she came and settled down in the school and spent her entire life there, except for a short time when the school was closed under the rule of the "carpet-baggers." She took up the job which we all know was not her choice, nor was it easy and pleasant. Yet as a good, consistent Christian, she ran with patience the race that was before her. Furthermore, she also was always interested in the lives and doings of those who left the school. Hers was a bright, friendly, genial, and motherly disposition, which won friends by the score among us.

We shall miss her familiar figure at the school, her interest, appreciation and hospitality when we called on her, and her gentle, affectionate bearing among us all. We are poorer today, because we have lost her, and heaven is richer for us all who know her by the reason of the fact that she has gone to take up her abode there.

"Servant of God, well done;

Rest from thy loved employ;

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter the Master's joy.

"The pains of death are past;

Labor and sorrows cease;

And life's long warfare closed at last

Thy soul is found in peace.

"Servant of Christ, well done;

Praise be thy new employ;

And while eternal ages run,

Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

—Herbert R. Smoak in *Florida School Herald*.

Remove Glass from Brain to Save Man

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 3.—As the result of an operation in which two pieces of glass were removed from his brain, the power of speech was restored to Aeta Brazinsky, a painter. He is expected to recover, with the possible exception of a paralysis of an arm or a leg, according to Dr. John Linder, who performed the operation.

A plate glass window was broken on the floor above Brazinsky's place of business showering him with fragments, two of which penetrated his skull. At first it was believed he had sustained only scalp wounds. Later he relapsed into a coma, after completely losing his power of speech. A thorough examination disclosed that two splinters of glass had fractured his skull, penetrating a convolution in the left hemisphere of the brain which controls the power of speech.

Dr. Linder said Brazinsky has shown signs of a returning power of speech, but that any injury to the brain almost invariably results in the partial paralysis of some extremity. He said there was already an indication of a partial paralysis of the patient's right arm, but that his survival at all was little short of miraculous.—*Trenton Times*.

There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Cary.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

—John Ruskin.

Early Attempts to Educate the Deaf in America

MRS. NORMAN R. GALT, of Washington, now Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was Miss Edith Bolling, a daughter of Judge William Bolling of Wytheville, Va., and a lineal descendant of Pocahontas, the Indian maid and Princess, through the Rolfe and Bolling line. The Bollings, of ancient English stock and wealthy as far back as the War of the Roses, had their seat at Bolling Hall, in Yorkshire. The first American representative was Robert Bolling, who married Jane Rolfe, the granddaughter of Pocahontas, her father John having been born and reared in England, but returning to America and mating with a Virginia maid. Two generations later Major Thomas Bolling of Goochland County, Virginia, had three deaf children, John, Mary and Thomas (sixth in line from Pocahontas), all three having been born deaf. These children were sent at ages of ten (1771), ten and nine (1775), respectively, to Edinburgh, Scotland, to be educated in a special school for the deaf, conducted by the Braidwoods. They returned to Virginia following the Revolutionary War, in 1783, having "received abroad a good education, and in addition thereto, had been taught to speak intelligently and to read speech from the mouths of others."

None of the three was ever married, and died aged, respectively, twenty-two, sixty-one and seventy. These three children have the distinction of being the first deaf children of America to be educated. In addition to these, Major Bolling had another son, William (1777-1845), who possessed hearing and of course, speech, and who may have had other hearing-speaking brothers, as he certainly had sisters, who married into well known families of the States. This son, Colonel William Bolling as he was later known, "was a man of large affairs" and of sterling worth, of broad and liberal views, a philanthropist and a patriot—and, of course a Virginian with Virginia pride; and it was through his agency that the first private school for the Deaf in America (taught by a young member of the Braidwood family, and giving attention to speech) was opened in 1812 at Cobbs, near Petersburg, Va. William Bolling's initial interest was because of his deaf brothers and sister, but enhanced later by a deaf son, William Albert, and a deaf daughter, Mary, born to himself and wife, the later, I believe, a Randolph connected with John Randolph, Roanoke, and fame. These two children have the distinction of being the first deaf children of America to be educated in their own country. William Albert had a deaf cousin, St. George Tucker Randolph, a nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke, who seems to have attended school in Edinburgh, later going to a school in Paris. Attending school with William Albert Bolling was George Lee Turbiville, also deaf, a grandson of Richard Henry Lee, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Really the first attempt in America to teach speech to the deaf was made by Philip Nelson, in the neighborhood of Rowley, Mass., nearly 250 years ago (1679). Just what this effort was and just what his success, are unknown, but as it was during those disgracefully malicious and inquisitorial days of witchcraft, when a successful oral teacher would have been hanged or pressed to death, it is quite probable that there was neither much effort nor success.

Mr. Nelson, however, had troubles growing out of whatever effort there was for the "narrow-minded and fanatical ministers of the neighborhood were called together to investigate him and the boy, who it was claimed, had been taught (bewitched) by him. The boy was interrogated closely, probably by "third degree" methods of the present day, "but there he stood," says the church records, "like a deaf and dumb boy as he

was—they could not make him hear, nor could he speak." And thus it was that Mr. Nelson, "who pretended," it is alleged, "to cure a deaf and dumb boy in imitation of our Saviour by saying Ephphata," was saved from the clutch of the infamous frenzy of the day.

Following this record effort of Nelson, several sporadic attempts were made from time to time to instruct the deaf, the first real schools arising from the efforts of the Rev. John Stanford in the New York almshouse (1807), Colonel William Bolling in Virginia (1812), and the Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in Connecticut (1817.) The Bolling school was at first a private school under instruction of John Braidwood, a dissolute son of Thomas Braidwood, of Edinburgh, for the children only of Colonel William Bolling. Later, it was removed to Bolling Hall, Goochland County, Virginia, and operated for a short time as a public school, others being admitted. These efforts were made possible by agitation of the matter by Dr. William Thornton, who drew the plans for the first capital in Washington and was the author of the first American publication upon the teaching of the deaf, who was born in the West Indies in 1791, and died in Washington, D. C., in 1828, his body being followed to the grave by the President and his Cabinet; by Francis Green, a merchant, of Boston (1748-1809,) who had a deaf son educated abroad, and by Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, of Hartford, Ct., who also had a deaf daughter, the first pupil of Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, who established the first permanent school for the deaf in America (Hartford, Ct.)—*Richard O. Johnson in Indianapolis News.*

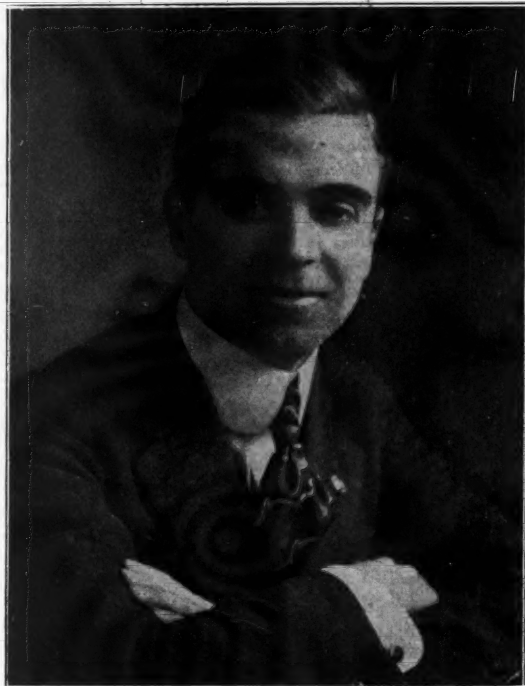
Wanted

A limited number of ambitious young men of good character, who have some knowledge of wood-working, are offered an excellent opportunity to complete their training by taking an advanced course in cabinet and furniture making and the operation of wood-working machinery, in return for services to the school. Write for particulars to J. L. Johnson, New Jersey School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



C. H. FORE
Beamio, Tenn., Interpreter for the Deaf of Tennessee.

Well Known Deaf Couple Happily Married



MR. AND MRS. THOMAS J. BLAKE

This attractive looking couple were married in Newark, N. J., April 26th last. Mr. Blake is a graduate of the Maryland School for the Deaf, afterwards extending his studies at Gallaudet College. During the war, Mr. Blake occupied a responsible position in the Goodyear mill at Akron and shared in its prosperity. At present he is connected with the New Jersey School as Boys' supervisor. The bride was before marriage Josephine M. Kulikowski, a former pupil of the New Jersey School.

Dumbbell: "Gee, I've got hard luck. Here I'm only twenty-one, and I've got my fourth case of the seven years' itch."

"What's the height of your ambition?"

"Don't know exactly, but she comes about to my shoulders."

Sunday School Superintendent whose enthusiasm runs toward regular attendance): "Out of the entire school, only one pupil—little Doris Smith—is absent today. Let us hope she is ill."



"Jack", one of Australia's most charming deaf ladies enjoying a rest after a lively game of tennis.

Wanted

A live deaf-mute in the West wants a job in some School for the deaf. Prefer Boys' Supervisor, or anything else. Will go anywhere. Address: Otto John, Colton, Wash.—Advertisement.



Eleanor H., eleven months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Barr, Jr., of Rochester in 1922.

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

Subscription Price: \$2.00 a year positively in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50; Canada, \$2.25.

Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed. Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 36

JUNE

No. 9

The Deaf in Business

We always admire the deaf man or group of deaf men who, in the face of difficulties, engage in business of their own. If the business is legitimate we do not hesitate to lend whatever encouragement we can, but we will never advise our readers to buy stocks in new enterprises. We leave that to their own judgment. Our advice has always been to first consult your banker before you buy stocks of any kind.

There are already many successful business men who are deaf. The latest to attract our attention is the "Mail Order" business of Clarence Boxley, of Troy, N. Y. It is carried on similar to the great Roebuck of Chicago, but of course on a much smaller scale, altho it has the appearance of doing quite a big business judging from the illustrated catalog which the "Clar-Box Mercantile Co." (the official business name) issues. An other has started a rug-making business in West New Brighton, N. Y. It is conducted by Arthur L. Zachmann, who specializes in rag-rugs for people who prefer them and he seems to be making a success of it.

Very recently a printing business was started in Belleville, N. J., known as the "Belleville Printing Company." The President, Silas W. Pearsall, is a deaf man, but the other member of the firm is a hearing man. Mr. Pearsall's wife, who has had over two years' experience in the SILENT WORKER office, writes that her experience is of great value when it comes to assisting her husband in his business.

The biggest venture is by a group of deaf men in Los Angeles, California, and is probably the biggest enterprise ever undertaken by deaf people. It is known as the "Anderson and Wohlfarth Furniture Mfg. Co., Inc. The

Officers of the company are: President, D. G. Anderson; Vice-President, W. H. Rothert; Secretary and Treasurer, C. N. Reddick; Directors, D. C. Reddick, L. L. Larson, and J. W. Barrett. The Factory Manager is H. Wohlfarth. Following is the prospectus:

To the Deaf People of California:

The deaf people of Los Angeles have organized and incorporated a furniture manufacturing company for the purpose of providing the Pacific Southwest with a factory equipped to manufacture high grade furniture, principally school, laboratory furniture or any other furniture, for which orders may be obtained.

The factory will cover approximately 60,000 square feet, all on the main floor and built so that units can be added.

Approximately 80 to 100 men will be employed at the start, and it is anticipated that this number will soon be increased to 150 men.

The purpose of the organization is to bring the deaf people of California together in work, play, school, etc., and we believe we will succeed in this purpose.

We expect to see approximately three or four hundred deaf people within a short time purchase their homes, have their own stores, their schools and a place of work within a short distance from the proposed factory sites.

This factory will employ approximately 80 per cent deaf people. This makes the proposition a strictly deaf people's organization.

Wages are to be determined by a committee of five and standard wages, such as are paid by other employers, will be maintained.

The management of this company has been placed in the hands of very competent men with years of experience, and we feel confident in stating that this company should earn for its stockholders substantial dividends in the near future.

This company is incorporated for \$300,000.00, divided into 3000 equal shares, par value of \$100.00 each.

Getting Ready

The deaf everywhere are getting ready for their conventions and reunions during the summer months. The Galaudet Alumni will probably be the first to hold their reunion and attention is directed to the official program on another page. The Alumni Association has increased in numbers very rapidly and indications are that it is going to be a great and happy meeting of the graduates of the college. Of course the salient features of the reunion will be featured in this magazine in the fall.

The one most talked of and the one that is going to have the largest attendance and do the biggest business will be the convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf in St. Paul next July. Much space of the WORKER will be devoted to fraternal affairs in its July issue, following its usual custom of boosting big conventions of the deaf.

Various state associations of the deaf will also hold conventions and this magazine will be well represented at each affair. None of our subscribers will wish to miss these reports, so it is to your advantage to renew your subscription without delay if it expires with the July number. Promptness in this matter will save us as well as yourself much annoyance. A word to the wise is sufficient

The Biggest Single Business in the World

When the postman brings you your mail did you ever stop to consider what an immense business the United States Postal System is? Well, here are some of the facts, issued by the Postmaster General, which ought to startle you:

Every year the United States Postal Service handles 23,000,000,000 articles. Every year the increase in number of articles in the mails is more than a billion. Of the total mail submitted 12,000,000,000 pieces are letters.

Every year the Postal Service, on an average, delivers 112 letters to every man, woman, and child in the United States.

Atlas would have had a tough time indeed lifting the annual load of letters alone that the Postal Service moves. It is estimated to total 133,350 tons.

Every second of the twenty-four hours of every day there are 389 letters dropped into letter boxes; every minute, 23,334, and every hour 1,400,000.

SERVING EVERY MAN AND EVERY BUSINESS

Nearly 44,000 postmen, members of the greatest single business, daily deliver mail to millions of homes and business houses in American cities.

The farmer is not neglected by the Postal Service. To-day 44,552 rural routes supply mail to 6,504,592 families, or 29,921,123 individuals.

Out West the Postal Service has established a veritable automobile railroad 125 miles long to the fruitful Uintah (Utah) Valley to which no private rail line has penetrated.

WHO DOES THE WORK AND WHERE IS IT DONE?

On February 25, 1924, the Post Office Department had more than 351,000 in its employ. Besides the 43,677 letter carriers, there are 62,400 clerks, 44,417 rural carriers, 51,393 postmasters, and 21,316 railway postal clerks.

The 51,393 postmasters run as many offices. There is one post office for every 58 square miles of territory.

The 351,000 full and part time postal employees are paid approximately \$441,622,517 annually for their services.

Almost every conceivable type of transportation is used to move the mails—railroads, steamboats, automobiles, airplanes, motor boats, wagons, horses, pneumatic tubes, belt conveyors, motor cycles, bicycles, the sled of the Arctic and even the "dog car."

The "dog car" is an Alaskan invention. An abandoned railroad runs out of Nome to a mining camp. The enterprising Arctic Circle mailman hitches his dog team to a hand car and scoots up the mountain side with the post.

Last year the air mail planes, flew 2,000,000 miles, carrying 65,295,920 letters.

Although interstellar service has not yet been established by the Post Office Department, it is a fact the routes covered by the railway mail cars last year reached the planetary proportions of 219,171,224 miles. This transportation cost \$85,194,239. The postal Service now uses 5,096 postal cars.

Automobiles are running a race for numerical supremacy with the railway postal cars. There are now 4,930 in operation carrying the mails.

AND BESIDES HANDLING THE MAILS

The biggest single business operates through postal savings, the biggest savings bank in the world. Its total deposits in 1923 were \$134,458,105.29. The United States Government stands back of this bank.

The American people make good use of the money-order

system too. In 1923, the amount of money orders was \$1,376,000,000. There were more than 172,000,000 orders issued.

These figures do not include the funds sent abroad by international money order, which totaled \$34,118,000. At the same time \$19,255,000 in money orders issued abroad were paid in the United States.

Then there is registered, insured, and C. O. D. mail. People are anxious that certain mail be given every protection. There were 88,741,000 articles registered last year.

Insurance against loss was given to 140,545,000 pieces of mail last year, while 40,427,000 were sent with the well-known mark, C. O. D.

Behind the Footlight at the S. A. C.

"The S. A. C. Bulletin" is the name of the house organ of the Silent Athletic Club of Chicago. It is a little sheet 6½ x 9½ and the following is a sample of some of the spicy items it prints:—

Amateur theatricals received a great impetus at the Silent Athletic Club in February when Mr. L. S. Cherry's company of vaudeville stars presented a medley of farces and skits to an appreciative audience.

The Club has an excellent stage, large and roomy, permitting the setting of ambitious pieces. With some additional props and scenery, the large hall of the Club will be an ideal place in which to develop the excellent amateur talent in the membership.

With Mr. Cherry as actor-manager, Miss Gwendolyn Caswell as danseuse, and Mr. Joe Wondra as imitator and comedian, supported by an excellent cast including Mr. Kessai, Donohue, the company demonstrated in February that a return to the old-time vaudeville given by home talent was welcome to a movie-fagged membership.

The Club will have more theatricals of this sort from now on. It is planned to put on an ambitious piece in the early summer with Miss Caswell's bevy of damsels as the chief attraction and in the fall Mr. Cherry is booked to stage a bigger and better show, which should draw a large turn-out.

Shakespeare, Moliere, Sothorn, Duse, Cohan, Weber and Fields, and all the other brilliant constellations of the footlights and make-up will be dimmed by the SAC's own home-grown talent. Watch for future announcements.

Unfortunate

The Rhode Island School for the Deaf has been seriously handicapped during the later part of the scholastic term on account of the filibustering tactics of the legislature which held up the appropriation bill. Because of this the attaches of the school had not been paid salaries due them. This is most unfortunate because pupils as well as employees must suffer.

Education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is best in quality and infinite in quantity.—*Horace Mann.*

Your Shopper's Guide Is Ready

Send for latest catalog of 100 amazing bargains. You will be surprised. Issued by Representative for the Deaf buyers. Clarence A. Boxley, CLAR-BOX MERCHANT-ILE, Co., 2337 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y.—*Advertisement.*

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

OFFICERS

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O. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*
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JAMES H. CLOUD, *Board Member*
2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*
91 Ft. Washington Ave, N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

NOTICE OF DUES PAYABLE

The annual dues for the fiscal year beginning June 1, 1924, and ending May 31, 1925, will be payable on June 1. The Secretary-treasurer will be considerably relieved of much detail work if the members will send in their dues without being notified by card, etc. Or, more so, if they will become Life Members.

ARE YOU A LIFE MEMBER?

If Not, Why Not?

HELP BOOST THE ENDOWMENT FUND!

The N. A. D. at present is not as POTENT as it should be. The Endowment Fund, your life-membership fees, will help make the N. A. D. a very POWERFUL and EFFICIENT organization.

Annual Dues, 50 Cents

(With all their annual worries and detail work)

Life Membership, \$10.00

(Banishes annual worry and detail work. Makes the N. A. D. an organization of great POTENCY. Places you on the HONOR ROLL—and best of all gives you that wonderful self-satisfied feeling)

Send all dues and fees to

F. A. MOORE, Secretary-treasurer,
School for the Deaf,
TRENTON, N. J.

Our Roll of Immortals

In this and succeeding numbers we will print a complete list of those who have become LIFE MEMBERS since the Atlanta convention. In previous numbers the names of all those who became LIFERS prior to the convention were printed. Since then the list has grown by leaps and bounds, and THEY are still coming in. The ROLL OF IMMORTALS is long, but it is not complete. In fact it will not become complete until every loyal NAD has his or her name inscribed on its list. LIFE MEMBERSHIP gives you an indescribable self-satisfied feeling which admits of no argument as to the fitness of your action. BECOME A LIFER!

CTF. NO.	NAME	STATE
188	Edith M. Nelson	District of Columbia
189	Mrs. Cynthia Luttrell	Kansas
190	Arthur L. Roberts	Illinois
191	Willis Hubbard	Michigan
192	Harley D. Drake	District of Columbia
193	Mrs. Euphemia Fuller	Illinois
194	Mrs. Sadie Griffiths	Ohio
195	George L. Crosby	Iowa
196	Albert E. Dirkes	New Jersey
197	Mrs. Albert Dirkes	New Jersey
198	Paul R. Marthy	Illinois
199	Annie L. Dwight	South Carolina
200	Mrs. George Dougherty	Illinois
HERE WE PASS THE 200 MARK. AREN'T WE GROWING?		
201	William A. Eskew	Illinois
202	Andrew Dzia, Jr.	New Jersey
203	Mrs. H. C. Merrill	New York
204	Edwin C. Harah	Pennsylvania
205	Jodie Reeves	Arkansas
206	Erwin E. Aldrich	Massachusetts
207	Arthur H. Clancy	Ohio
208	Isaac Goldberg	New York
209	Louis J. Bacheberle	Ohio
210	John H. Bov	Ohio
MORE IN SUCCEEDING NUMBERS. WILL YOURS BE ON THE LIST?		

Suppression of Impostors

John E. Purdum, our Chief of the Bureau for Suppression of Impostors, has written the editor of "Human Service," the official publication of the United Charities of Chicago, his hearty approval of the campaign which that organization is carrying on to acquaint the public with the beggar situation in Chicago and the impositions practiced by unscrupulous persons in the name of the charity.

In his letter Mr. Purdum wrote that despite a vigorous campaign carried on by the Association to show up the "deaf and dumb" impostors, impostorium still flourishes, and that the "game" has become so profitable to the impostor that some of the less self-respecting among the truly deaf have come to practice begging as a means of livelihood. Mr. Purdum further wrote:

"For your information—and I hope you will tell your readers—the genuine deaf-mute has no occasion to beg. Our people are self-supporting and do not have to trade upon their misfortune in any way. Our local, state and national associations are united in an effort to stamp out the practice of these fakes and appreciate it more than we can say when an intelligent officer of the law, or a private citizen, puts a stop to the game.

"We have had eleven state laws passed making the act a misdemeanor—it amounts to securing money under false pretenses, to say nothing of misrepresenting the 64,000 self-respecting deaf people of this country.

"The states legislating against this form of imposition are: New York, Pennsylvania, Florida, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, Minnesota, Nevada and Washington. The

penalties range from \$10.00 to \$500.00, and from one to six months. In Oregon an impostor has just been sentenced to a term of one to five years in the State Penitentiary.

"Federal statistics prove 98 per cent of the educated deaf are self-supporting. Each state has a free school where we are taught some useful trade—proving the absurdity of the plea customarily advanced by the fakir: he 'desires funds to enter a deaf and dumb school.

"When meeting a real deaf-mute an impostor endeavors to decamp as quickly as possible, realizing he can scarcely keep up the deception. If such a one appeals for aid you will be conferring a favor by holding him in conversation while some one stealthily summons an officer. The police can then summon a real deaf-mute to unmask the fraud.

"It is hoped the authorities will not turn such impostors loose with orders to leave town, for that is simply dumping them on surrounding communities which in turn dump theirs back on yours.

"We deaf do not beg. All we ask is a fair deal and no favor; a chance to earn an honest livelihood at whatever occupation we are trained in. May we not count on your kind co-operation?"

Committees and Organizers

The notice below was announced in all official organs some time ago, but because of the frequency of recent inquiries, we are having it reprinted.

"The President desires that all committee members and organizers during the last administration of the Association hold over for the present, until a survey can be made and the wishes of communities and individuals ascertained, with a view of obtaining the best possible co-operation in carrying forward the work of the Association.

Appointments to the various committees and the selection of State Organizers will be announced as soon as possible."

Changes in Gallaudet-Alumni Program

1. Friday, June 20
8 P.M. Reception at home of President and Mrs. Hall
2. Saturday, June 21
7:30 P.M.—Short plays in Chapel. By members of the D. C. Chapter
9-12 P.M.—Hop in the gym.



FRED ROSNER

Successful business man of Rochester, N. Y. Owns and conducts a second hand furniture store since his junior year at the University of Rochester in 1922.

ATHLETICS

Edited by F. A. Moore

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this department)

Nathan Lahn By Ted Griffing



ALL WESTERNERS have the greatest respect and admiration for Kansas cyclones. And Kansas, long famous in the history of our college for sending human "cyclones" eastward to play on various Gallaudet teams, has scored another triumph—Nathan Lahn. We take off

our hats to Kansas, and fervently hope that the Olathe Institution will send others to college who can play like Lahn.

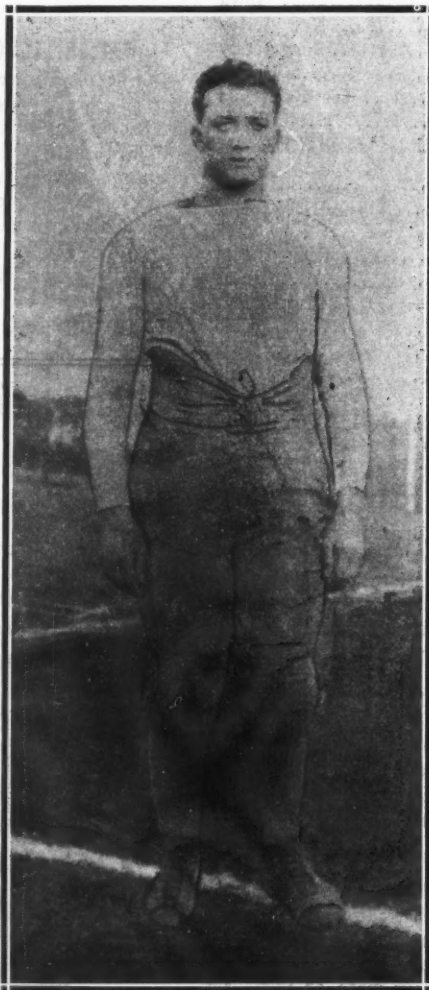
Lahn, a husky little sawed-off guy with curly hair and mischievous eyes, is Gallaudet's old "war hoss." His snort of battle is sufficient to warn opponents that they are in for a busy, busy time.

He has played on Gallaudet's Varsity eleven five straight seasons and he has made a record which we can point to with a feeling of pardonable pride. As a tackle, we rank him among the best.

We have seen him tackle a big 200 pounder and carry the "little fellow" as far back as ten yards before slamming him to the turf for a loss in yardage and a million or so of stars, as the term goes. We have seen him rip big holes in the opponent's line, grab the player with the ball, then throw him with such gentleness that all the heavenly bodies pass in review before him while frantic teammates endeavor to bring him back to consciousness. Meanwhile, Lahn stands serenely by, wondering why "kids" are used in the backfield.

Lahn is a fighter; he fights to the last ditch, always trying, always responding, and always giving his best. During his Freshman year, Lahn was used at fullback against the powerful Catholic University team. Time and again he would shoot through the line for a gain, time and again he would make a savage tackle. Finally, he crumpled up in a dead faint, and it was discovered that he had been playing for a good while with a broken collar bone. And Lahn was broken-hearted because he was unable to finish the game! Gallaudet loves fighters like Lahn.

Lahn is a basketball player of note, too. A bad knee which has greatly handicapped his play on the court, will keep him off this year's team. He fits in at guard, and the way he tags around after his man reminds us of dog's devotion to his master. And when Lahn is in form, the opposing forward makes field goals few and far between.



NATHAN LAHN

Lahn is a good twirler, so good, in fact, that he received favorable comment from Jack Barrie, Coach of the Holy Cross University nine. Barrie, you will remember, was shortstop of Connie Mack's one time famous \$100,000 infield. Lahn is a former pupil of "Dummy" Taylor, who once sizzled them over for John McGraw.

And it would be a very bad mistake to say that he is not handy with the bat, so we won't say it. His drives are usually sharp and long, but he seldom gets beyond third on any of his hits. Blame it on excess avoirdupois, the avoirdupois that helps so much on the gridiron! For our part, we are willing that he should be "just as he is."

We do not know why it is that Kansans as a rule take to the mat at Gallaudet, and those who have done so generally make good. Take for instance Williams, '08, whom, we believe, has the distinction of having defeated Bob Turner, the light-heavyweight champion of the world. Also take Decker and Foltz, both of whom made creditable reputations. Lahn took to the mat likewise and often came within a fraction of an inch of placing his opponent's shoulders on the mat.

That was all he could do, but still it was "something."

Beyond a doubt Lahn will take up coaching after he graduates this coming June. As he excels in football, basketball, baseball, *et cetera*, lucky indeed will be the school who succeeds in getting him to take up the duties of athletic director. Our money is on Lahn's teams of the future, and, if we are rich, we'll give odds and asks no quarter.

SILENT STARS STILL RULE
THE ROOST

"Youth will be served," once uttered a grizzled sage—The Silent Athletic Club, composed of the original Silent Stars, proved the above quotation to be all wrong, by taking the third and deciding game of a series to decide the supremacy of the deaf in Philadelphia, from the Silent Five of the Silent Boys' Club.

The younger team took the first game handily 35 to 25. However, the Stars displayed their true form in the second game. With the Silent Five enjoying a seven point lead at the start of the second half the Stars stayed a rally by short passing that was wonderful to behold. They cut down the lead gradually and tied at 16 on a foul toss by Cusack. Jennings' foul toss sent them into the lead never to be headed. A field goal by Robinson and a foul by Orberg end the scoring as far as the Stars were concerned. In the remaining minutes were spent freezing the ball in the backfield.

The third game was the closest and hardest fought of the three. Every point was bitterly contested for. Field goals were at a premium due to the wonderful guarding of Jennings and Cusack who held the slippery Balasa and Stauton to one field goal, that being scored by Balasa. The Stars led all the way but were given a score in the last twenty seconds when a foul was called. The score at this point was 20 to 29, and the reliable Dunner was due to toss the penalty. To give his already tired veterans of eight years campaigning a minute's rest and to make Dunner realize the importance of his toss, Cusack called for time out. On the resumption of play it was plainly seen that Dunner was worried. His toss, if he made it, meant a tie, an extra period; if he missed, it meant the championship. He took his stance, aimed and tossed; but his aim was poor, the ball striking the rim of the basket and recovered by the Stars who froze it for what time was left.

The outstanding features of the series was the sportsmanship of the players. Although tense rivalry existed, due to the ballyhoing of the followers of both teams, play was open and clean and well handed by Referees Bartzel and Rumsey, when it came to field goal tossing. Robinson, lured from retirement, stood alone, scoring six double deckers. At the end of the third game Robinson, Jennings and Cusack announced that their playing days are over; that they were through with the great game played on the wooden ways, and in the future would watch games from the sidelines.

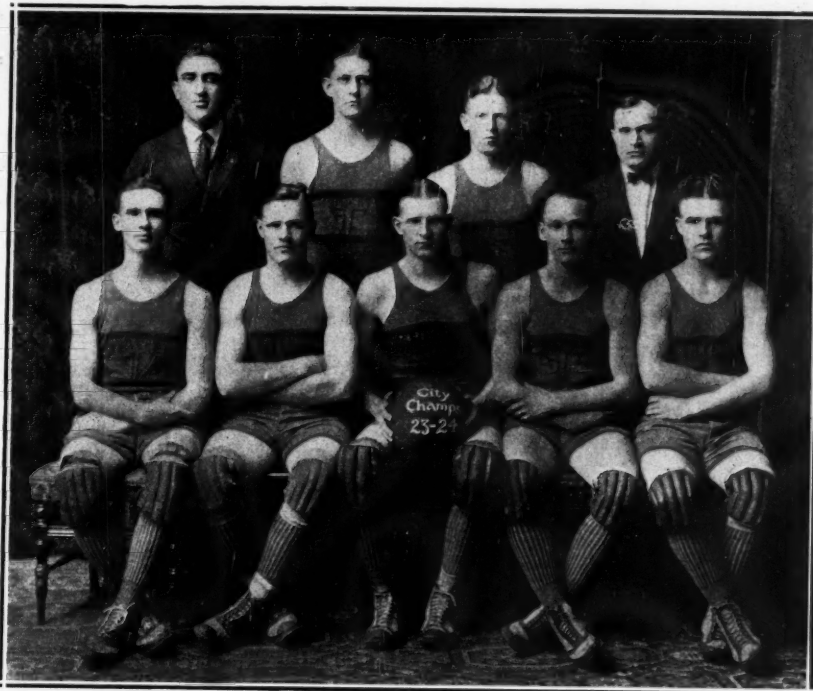
THE DEAF TRIUMPH AGAIN

Again this year the school for the deaf showed their superiority to the hearing schools in their class at the Penna. Relays—Fanwood won and Mt. Airy came in second. No other schools for the deaf were entered, or they would have taken third and fourth places, no doubt. Fanwood and Mt. Airy are to be congratulated.

Unfairness does make cowards of all athletes.

"Constancy in the right is a cardinal virtue."

The best mirror is an old friend."



PHILADELPHIA SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB

Front row, left to right—Earl Dugan, left forward; Jim Jennings, right guard; Axel Orberg, captain and center; Bob Robinson, right forward; Patty Cusack manager and left guard. Back Row, left to right—Joe Gelman, scorer; Ed. Campbell, utility center; Frank O'Donnell, utility forward; Alex Tinglino, timer.

BURNS, AS USUAL, IN THE LIMELIGHT

Coach Burns' star is as luminous as ever. Recently the great coach Zrypee of the University of Illinois deemed it a honor to himself to attend the banquet given in honor of Burns' athletic teams.

o—o—o

FOR YOUR PERUSAL

When the fringed gentian portrayed here was a member of one of the big league baseball teams, weird wads of whiskers were so common that nearly every man seemed to be trying to look funnier than he was.

If a player appeared today with such cactus on his countenance as dangled from the chin of this former darling of the fans, he would probably be the recipient of other things than respectful attention. Even the official mascot would be likely to suspect him of possessing ulterior motives.

In the old days, when the captain and the umpire argued, their goatees bobbed belligerently, and always offered temptations for departures from good sportsmanship.

It was during the period when ball players, like scientists, senators and sewing machine agents, were bewhiskered that the phrase "I'm pulling for you" came into use.

As the game developed, however, it became evident that only metaphorical pulling could be considered ethical. Something had to be done about it when shortsops began to retard the progress of base-runners by clinging to the tawny tufts upon their chins.

It was decided that whiskers had to go, notwithstanding the lack, at that time, of anything for making softening lather. Shaving was considered a hardship, but it was evident that if whiskers flourished baseball couldn't.

Happily, there is no longer any reason why the chin appertaining to man should be a hairy absurdity. Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream deprives the most recalcitrant beard of its obstinacy, and causes it to yield without a struggle.

The man who uses this wonderful new shaving cream doesn't have to do any nervous repeating around his thyroid gland. An



KANSAS CHAMPIONS OF THE MID-WEST, 1924

Left to right, Standing—E. S. Foltz, coach; Ora Baldwin, f.; Walter Cline, f.; Glen Miller, g.; A. A. Stewart, Supt.
Sitting: Mario Benedet, g.; Louis Russel, g.; John Pringle, center (capt.); Ray Miller, g.

easy once-over, and all's well. Let Colgate's establish friendly relations between your razor and your face.—*Adv.*

—O—O—

THE LURE OF SPORT IS FOUND IN MAN'S LOVE OF A THRILL

The gladiatorial contests of college football have attracted hundreds of thousands, perhaps all counted, millions of spectators, who have ungrudgingly handed out their dollars, have added high expense of travel and entertainment, have braved fatigue and unusual exertion, to have a share in the spectacles. It has been pointed out that the combats of Rome in the coliseum were limited to an attendance of under fifty thousand. Psychologists, and others who have not laid claim to psychology, have been interesting themselves in the question of the lure of college football. The same question might be asked about the lure of any such athletic immensity, like the prize fights which have brought in their total of a million or more in one state alone. In the case of football, not any larger proportion of the crowd know a drop kick from a wing shift, a forward pass from a lateral, a dodging individual rush from a mass play. Nor does any great proportion of a crowd know the difference between a cross counter and a jab, or estimate any difference between a solid stay-in-place puncher, and shift general in footwork. Yet the lure is there.

And now we have it. Human nature loves thrills. Whether we listen to a speaker, hear a chorus, witness a play or what not, we like thrills. Mystery plays, differing but slightly in their structure followed each other fast and were commercial successes, because they had their thrills. Prize fights, with man yells and chorus cries of a multitude had and have their thrills. Baseball's crucial moments have their thrill, which spread through the multitude rousing the vocal machinery to a chorus like the roar of many seas. Football beginning with the color and panoply of the enormous crowd, has its thrill, the first great one of which comes to the roar of welcome as the teams emerge into sight on the field.

One can thrill to his heart's delight at such times without being noticed, because everybody else is let loose into the wild

maelstrom. The love of thrill abides in almost everyone, though the few have to have the encouragement of the many to really cut loose. Having cut loose they find a new zest in things. While we have any enthusiasms left, we all yield, in some way or other to the "comic ecstasy." And the corollary is beware of the man who will not sometime publicly, evidently, frankly "cut loose."

—O—O—



ALBERT ROSE
St. Louis, Mo.

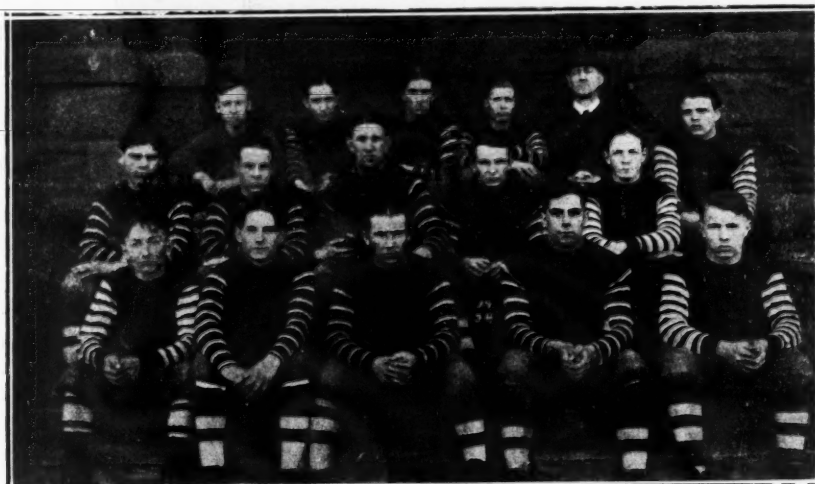
Backfield man Gallaudet College Eleven, 1923

1924 BASKET BALL
RECORD

Jan. 3—M. S. D. 2; Flint Central
H. S. 17.
Jan. 4—M. S. D. 24; Chevrolet
A. C. 0.
Jan. 11—M. S. D. 17; Detroit In-
stitute of Tech. 11.
Jan. 18—M. S. D. 21; Owosso
Business College 3.
Jan. 25—M. S. D. 10; Buick No.
4 24.
Feb. 8—M. S. D. 25; Det. Insti-
tute of Tech. 14.
Feb. 15—M. S. D. 17; Standard
Oil Co. 15.
Feb. 22—M. S. D. 21; Standard
Oil Co. 25.
Mar. 1—M. S. D. 31; Court M.
E. 13.
Mar. 8—M. S. D. 26; Pulaski
Post 22.
Mar. 15—M. S. D. 26; Standard
Oil Co. 12.
Mar. 29—M. S. D. 39; Alumni 10.

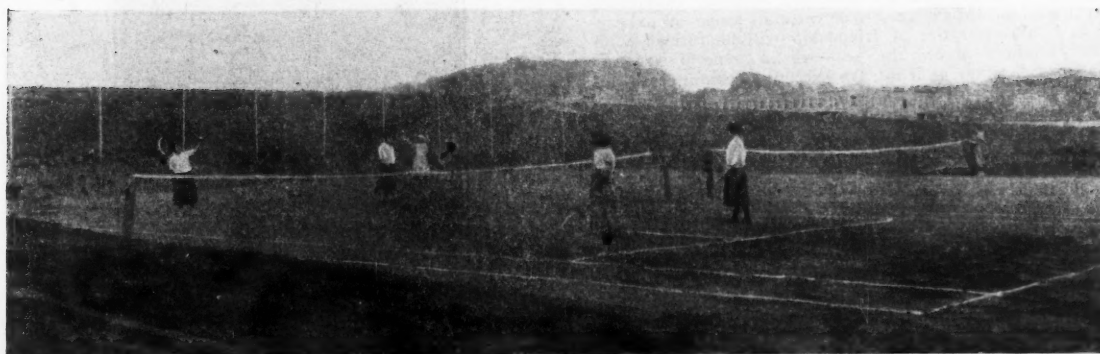


BASKETBALL TEAM—1923-24. MICHIGAN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.
Back row—Prin. and Mgr. F. C. Numbers Jr.; O. Socotte, sub center; A. Yoder, center; Coach
R. L. Erd. Front row—C. Mlynarek, right guard; E. Beuerle, sub guard; D. De Fazio (capt.)
left guard; L. Hoskin, right forward; P. Zieske, left forward.



FOOTBALL TEAM—1923—MICHIGAN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
First row—P. Myers sub.; W. Wayner, c.; O. Socotte r.t.; W. Webster, l. g. Coach Erd.;
F. Rocco, r.h.b.
Second row—D. DeFazio, r. e.; H. Lundgren, l.t.; C. Mlynarek, (Capt.) f. b.; L. Hoskin,
l.h.b.; P. Zieske, q.b.
Third row—L. Jones, s.c.; W. Bielemski, s.r.t.; E. Anderson, r.g.; N. Crawford, l.e.;
E. Benerle, sub.

1923 FOOTBALL RECORD
Oct. 12—M. S. D. 12; F. H. S.
R's 0.
Oct. 13—M. S. D. 0; F. H. S.
R's 0.
Oct. 19—M. S. D. 27; S. J. High
0.
Oct. 27—M. S. D. 12; A. Hill
R. 0.
Nov. 3—M. S. D. 13; Clio H.S.
0.
Nov. 10—M. S. D. 6; L. H. S.
R. 3.
Nov. 29—M. S. D. 7; D. A. C. 0.



GALLAUDET CO-ED'S PLAYING FOR "LOVE"

ETHEL MANDEL

The University of Indiana recently conducted a free throw basket-ball tournaments open to high school players throughout the state. The championship among the boys was won by a Sebanon player with a perfect score of 50 baskets out of 50 trials and the girls' championship went to Ethel Mandel of the Indiana School for the Deaf, whose score was 33 out of 50.

Ethel was born in Deleckle, Austria, sixteen years ago. She came to America with her parents when six years old and she then entered the Illinois school at the age of eight years. Her parents moved to Indiana when she was eleven years old and she then entered the Indiana School.

She is 5 feet and 1 inch tall and weighs 116 pounds. While rather small and light she made a bid for Indiana's first girls team last year that put all others out of it. She makes up for lack of size by energy and a fighting spirit that will not be downed. She is a born athlete and takes to sports like a duck to water.

But it is not in sports alone that she shines. Socially there are none more sought after or who have more friends. And a recent announcement of grade standing in school work placed Ethel at the top of the list with a general average of 98.

She aspires to enter Gallaudet when she has graduated from the Indiana School. Here is hoping.

O—O—O

FOLTZ MAKES GOOD

In previous years we were somewhat dubious as to Edward Foltz's success as a coach, attributing most of his good fortune to sufficiency of material instead of his personal efforts. But now with his change of location from Oklahoma to Kansas, where material is not so plentiful, he still continues to make good. This dispels all our doubts and we wish to tell the world that we believe Folly to be one of the best coaches, deaf or otherwise.

On these pages will be found pictures of his football and basketball teams. Both teams can rightfully lay claim to being the best of the schools for the deaf in the mid-west. The football team defeated Coach Burn's much touted eleven 6-0 on Thanksgiving Day last, and the basket-ball team, in spite of the lack of a good gymnasium in which to practice, went up to Omaha and made a walkaway with the games—and the trophy too.

Here's hoping that Folly will not discourage other coaches by hogging everything.

O—O—O

WHY NOT TAKE PART IN THE OLYMPIAD

"The deaf people of France are making arrangements to hold an Olympiad at Paris, August 10-17 next, and they invite deaf athletes from all over the world to attend and compete.

"We have some good athletes who, we feel, can walk off with prizes if they enter the contests—Winifred Roller, of Akron, swimming; John Boatwright of Gallaudet College, pentathlon and Rolf Harmsen, of Devils Lake, N. D., 100, 200, 440 yard dashes."—*The New Era*.

We haven't got anything to boast of in the way of athletes but have you? If so, let's get busy and pick our champions for the Olympiad. Much good will certainly come of participating in it as better ties of friendship will be formed with our deaf brothers across the sea—we in general are too ignorant of each other as it is. An executive committee should be formed to make all the necessary arrangements. Perhaps the best meeting grounds is in Chicago. Perhaps the N. A. D. is best able to do it all as this is the strongest organization, representing the most number of the deaf in the U. S. The deaf of the country will give their moral and financial support. Let us not be backsliders."—*Florida Herald*.

No, we are not backsliders. We feel that we have not been given sufficient time for preparations for such a stupendous undertaking. The financing of our athletes for training, trials and the trip is no joke. It would go into the thousands and would take no less than two or three years to amass—from the way all our other "funds" are growing. Perhaps it would be better for us to start collecting the pennies for the next Olympiad.



KANSAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, SEASON 1923



Chorus: "Carry me back to Kendall Green, There's where my heart am ever turnin' "
GALLAUDET ALUMNI REUNION, JUNE 20-25.

ON TO WASHINGTON

Sixtieth Anniversary

Reunion of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association, June 20-25, 1924

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS



ON APRIL 1, I mailed the following circular letter to all graduates and former students of Gallaudet College whose addresses I could ascertain. I reproduce it here with the hope that it will be read by many other College folk who have not received a copy of the original letter:

*"We'll gather from our scattered homes, from farm and shop and store,
From California's glittering sands, from stern New England's shore,
And we'll come to pay our homage, and bear witness to the debt,
Piled up by each in days of yore, in these Halls of Gallaudet."*—A. G. D. '72.

1471 Monroe St., N. W.
Washington, D. C., April 1, 1924

DEAR ALUMNUS:—

ALUMNA:—

Dinna ye hear it? Hear what? Why, the call of your Alma Mater. 'Tis the gathering pibroch of the Gallaudet clans, that calls her sons and daughters from the ends of the earth, to come back to her leaf-bowered campus and ivy-covered walls in days of June, and be boys and girls again for a little while. You Old Grads, you do not feel the thrill of the above verse by dear old Dr. Draper, who will never see another Reunion, bless his kindly old soul!) You "young" fellows, who in days of yore, sported stove-pipe hats and taught "Ducks" and "Rats" their manners, and how to keep 'emselves "jest so," and you "young" Ladies, who drank in all the witchery and romance of the June moon in the Campus, and gathered to the "twoot-twoot" of the O. W. L. S.,—do you not feel way down deep an irresistible desire to come back to the "Halls of Gallaudet," and do it all over again?

The above questions are preliminary to the official announcements sent herewith.

This forthcoming meeting is to be, in every sense of the word, a RUNION. Necessarily, some attention must be devoted to the business of the Association, and especially to the E. M. G. Fund. However, the real object of the meeting is to have a good, old-fashioned time, to renew old ties, and cement new ones, to draw the Gallaudet clan, old and young, into a closer, more intimate, more affectionate association. To this end, a program is being arranged that will guarantee a rollicking good time to all who attend. There will be outdoor sports, "indoor" sports, a picnic, a "hop," and every other blessed thing ever invented to make a college crowd forget "book-larnin'" for the nonce, peck up their "sperits," and make 'em get up and gallop.

June, 1924, marks the end of the sixtieth year of the college.

It seems, as the years go by, that the Old Lady of Kendall Green is becoming ever more charmingly youthful and more worthy of the affection of her numerous sons and daughters, near and far. But the years are passing and the children of her youth are getting old, for they have not, like her, discovered the Castilian Spring of eternal youthfulness. Surely they will wish to come again to dear old Kendall Green, in the Spring-time of the year and see how kind Old Time has been to their Alma Mater,—and to meet the brothers and sisters who year by year have supplanted them in the care but not in the affection of their College Mother. Ten years have passed since the last gathering in Washington. It will be many years before there will be another Reunion,—meanwhile, the night will have come for many of us, and the opportunity will be past. Now is the "accepted time." It may never come again. We are masters of the PRESENT alone, and "tomorrow" is far off. Do it now. On to Washington!

The big question behind this letter, "for me, and you, and you," is this:—ARE YOU COMING? We want to know. Tell us, so we can fix up for you the grandest time you have ever had, or will ever have.

Your Alma Mater calls you. Are YOU coming?

Very cordially yours,
HENRY J. PULVER,
Secretary

With regard to this forthcoming Reunion, I desire to set forth the following:

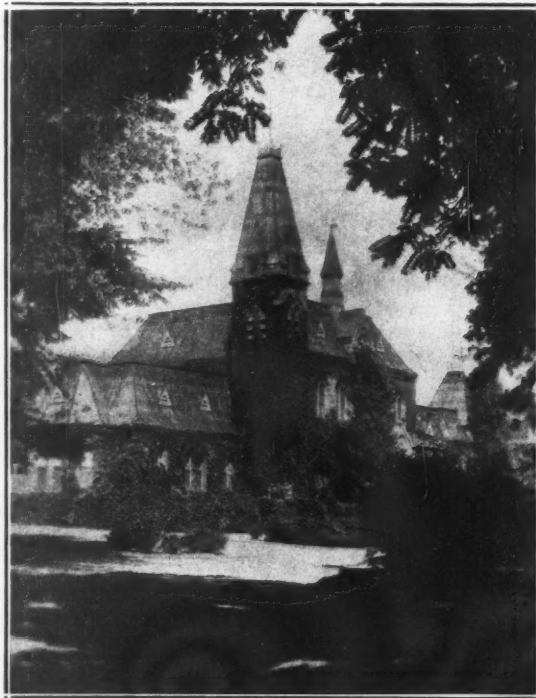
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

1. The Reunion is to be a special meeting of the Association called by the Board of Directors under Article IV, Sec. 2 of the By-Laws, which confers upon the Board power to call a meeting "at any time." This statement is made to dispose of the notion entertained by some persons that in calling this meeting the Board exceeded its authority.

2. The Reunion was decided upon at the urgent request of many members of the Association who wished to foregather again at their Alma Mater, merely for old sake's sake, to meet their friends of other years, and to have a good time in general. Ten years had passed by since the great Reunion of 1914, and it was felt by many that another such gathering was due, and overdue.

Since the announcements were sent out, letters of approval have flowed in from all sections of the country. A large and enthusiastic mustering of the Gallaudet clans is now an assured certainty.

3. No effort has been made to secure special railroad rates, as nearly all rail lines passing through the National Capitol



Gallaudet College has been photographed at many angles, but this by Rev. Mr. Pulver is one of the prettiest.

many excursions put on during June by all the trunk lines passing through Washington.

4. Meals and rooms will be provided for members of the association at the college, at a cost which it is expected will not exceed \$2.50 per day. For this purpose the two splendid college dormitories, College Hall (for the men), and Fowler Hall (for the women) are available. All advance information points to a gathering which will exceed the accommodations, so it may be necessary for many to find living requisites outside. Those desiring to stay at the college should therefore make reservations immediately, by writing Miss Edith Nelson, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. Members of the Association will, in every case, be given the preference.

5. Dues and applications for membership should be sent the Treasurer (Mr. C. D. Seaton, Romney, W. Va.) All graduates of the college holding degrees are eligible for active membership. Those who have *successfully* pursued the college curriculum up to the end of the Freshman year are eligible for Associate membership. (By-laws, Act II) The initiation fee is one dollar, and dues thereafter fifty cents per year. The fee for Life Membership is ten dollars.

6. All Graduates and former students of Gallaudet College who have not already done so are urged to contribute to the Edward Miner Gallaudet Fund. The goal of \$10,000 by June has been set. Help to put it across. Contributions to this Fund should be sent to Mr. Harley D. Drake, Treas., Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

7. The Literary Program for the Reunion is being arranged by the Mid-West Chapter of the G. C. A. A., (Omaha, Council Bluffs), which has appointed the following Committee: Tom L. Anderson, Dr. J. Schuyler Long, Miss Mary Kemp, Ora H. Blanchard and Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship.

8. The banquet will be arranged by the Metropolitan Chapter of the G. C. A. A., (New York City), Dr. Thomas Francis Fox, *Chairman*.

9. The Mid-West Chapter presents the following:

TENTATIVE PROGRAM

Friday, June 20

- 2.00 P.M.—Registration and assignment of rooms.
- 6.00 P.M.—Dinner
- 7.30 P.M.—Class Reunions on the Campus

Saturday, June 21

- 7:30 A.M.—Breakfast
- 9:00 A.M.—Meeting in Chapel Hall
 - Invocation
 - Address of Welcome, by President Hall
 - Addresses by Public Officials
 - Response, by President Drake
 - Presentation and Unveiling of Lincoln Memorial Tablet, by representative of Mid-West Chapter
 - Address of acceptance for the College, by Miss Margaret Peet
 - Conferring of Honorary Degrees

- 12.30 P.M.—Luncheon
- 2.00 P.M.—G. C. A. A. Meeting in Chapel Hall
 - Address by Pres. Drake. Appointment of Committees
 - Reports of officers
 - Address: "What Society Demands of a Graduate," by Rev H. J. Pulver
 - Discussion led by Miss Edith Nelson

- 6.00 P.M.—Dinner
- 8:00 P.M.—Reception at home of President and Mrs. Percival Hall

Sunday, June 22

- 8.00—A. M.—Breakfast
- Morning Church Services by Announcement
- 1.00 P. M.—Dinner

- 6.00 P.M.—Luncheon
- 8.00 P.M.—Reception at home of President and Mrs. Percival Hall
- 8.00 P.M.—Moving Pictures of Drs. Gallaudet, Fay, Hotchkiss and Draper in Chapel Hall
- N. A. D. Films

Monday, June 23

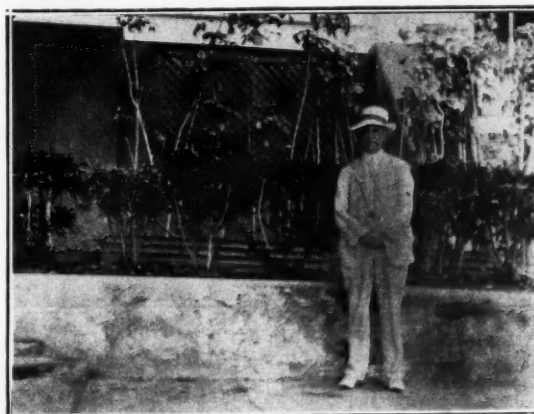
- 7:30 A.M.—Breakfast
- 9.30 A.M.—Meeting in Chapel Hall
 - Invocation
 - Address: Practical Aspects of the Edward Miner Gallaudet Memorial, by Dr. J. H. Cloud
 - Discussion
 - Address: The Mission of Gallaudet College by Dr. Fox
 - Discussion, led by Miss Edith Nelson
- 12.20—Dinner
- Afternoon Picnic and Luncheon at Great Falls, Va.
- Evening given over to Kappa Gamma and O W. L. S.

Tuesday, June 24

- 7:30 A.M.—Breakfast
- 8.30 A.M.—Dedication of Hotchkiss Field with
 - Address from Home Plate by J. C. Howard
 - Baseball Game
- 10:30 A.M.—Meeting in Chapel Hall
 - Invocation
 - Address: Bringing Athletics into the Curriculum, by Mr. Hughes
 - Discussion, led by Mr. F. A. Moore
 - Message from the Gallaudet College Athletic Association
 - Discussion
- 12.30 P.M.—Luncheon
- 2.00 P.M.—Auto-touring of city and call at White House
- 8.00 P.M.—Banquet

Wednesday, June 25

- 7:30 A.M.—Breakfast (Last Meal)
 - 8.30 A.M.—Meeting in Chapel Hall
 - Unfinished Business
 - Reports of Committees
 - Mizpah—Benediction—Adjournment *sine die*
- HENRY J. PULVER,
Sec'y G. C. A. A.



THOMAS S. MARR, the noted Deaf-Mute Architect of Tennessee, at Tivoli Hotel, Panama, April 1, 1924

The picture shows his silk Palm Beach suit made to order in Panama while he was there—also Panama hat bought in Panama. He did not suffer from heat. There were no flies, no mosquitoes. Very fine climate—never below 80 or above 85 degrees year around.

The Woman and The Home

Edited by Mabel Pearson Moore

A LITTLE TIME SAVER

WE ARE picturing here a real little time saver. The house-wife should make one for every room in the house. Then in the early morning when daughter finds a run in her stocking, the whole household will not be upset in a search for a needle and thread!

In order to make this little time saver, cut out two round pieces of flowered cretonne 6 inches in diameter. Bind the edges with ribbon, the color of the flowers printed in the cretonne. Then cut out a round piece of cardboard $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter. Lay the cardboard in the center of the two layers of cretonne whose wrong sides face each other. Baste the

spools of various colored sewing thread and darning cotton in each opening of the cretonne layers and draw a ribbon through the spool hole then between the layers of cretonne, where the edges have been tacked together. When the ribbon has been drawn through all the way around, tie the ends into a bow. About 2 yards of ribbon will be needed altogether.

Lastly stick a number of needles into the cushion and hang up by the bow ends in a convenient place.

HOW A WIFE CAN HELP HER HUSBAND

[Below is one of the entries we received for our "How A Wife Can Help Her Husband" contest. Too bad the author failed to think up a few more things for the wife to do or he might have won the prize—if men only were allowed to cast the vote.—EDITOR.]

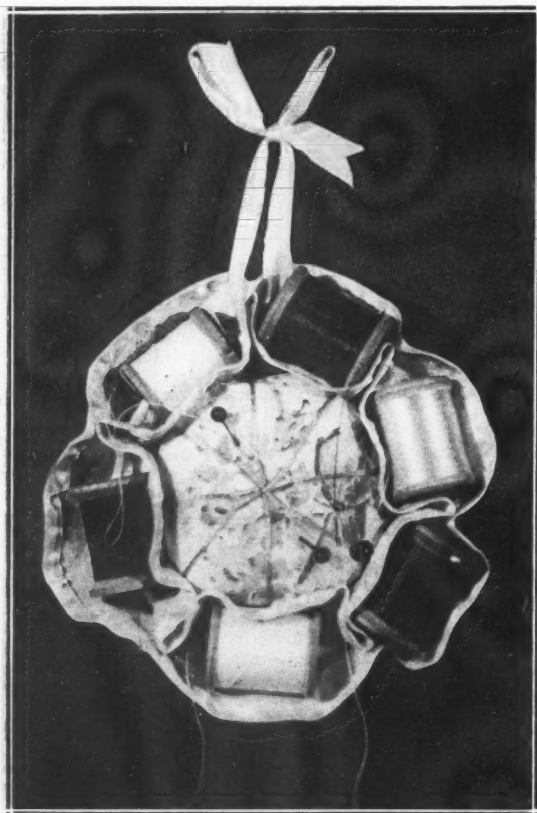
The wife, she is a lulu if you please;
She's a wizard, she's a wonder, she's a dream.
She knows the peculiarities of cheese,
Cherry pie and chicken, milk and cream,
And, speaking of her coffees and her teas—
I hold them both in very high esteem,
A wife can be a help to any man
Provided she's a kitchen artisan.

When the children, off for school, have disappeared,
The rib she puts the breakfast things away,
And hastens to the laundry looking weird
In her customary working disarray.
Her foreman once informed me that she speared
A bushel more soiled linen in a day—
Collars, stockings, underwear and lace—
Than any other laundress in the place.

She makes a really pleasant sum a week—
I do not mind—it keeps her quite contented,
But when I ask a quarter, low and meek,
She says: "This is really unprecedented."
I have often offered her the other cheek,
But up to now she never has relented.
She would be a greater help, I will admit,
If she would only give me half of it.

She often says that I am but a whelp,
And when I'm sick, she only sits and mocks
And emits a loud, sarcastic yelp,
That I would think was rather orthodox,
When I suggest that she would be a help
If she would only kindly darn my socks.
It would end an olden controversy
If she would mix her language with some mercy.

If she'd only fix the furnace while I sleep
And call me when the house is nice and hot;
If she'd only wait 'till I have gone to sleep,
Which makes it an uncomfortable spot,
I would not hold the wife so very cheap—
Indeed, I'd thank the preacher for the knot.
She could easy earn my ever-growing love
If she'd only read and act on the above.



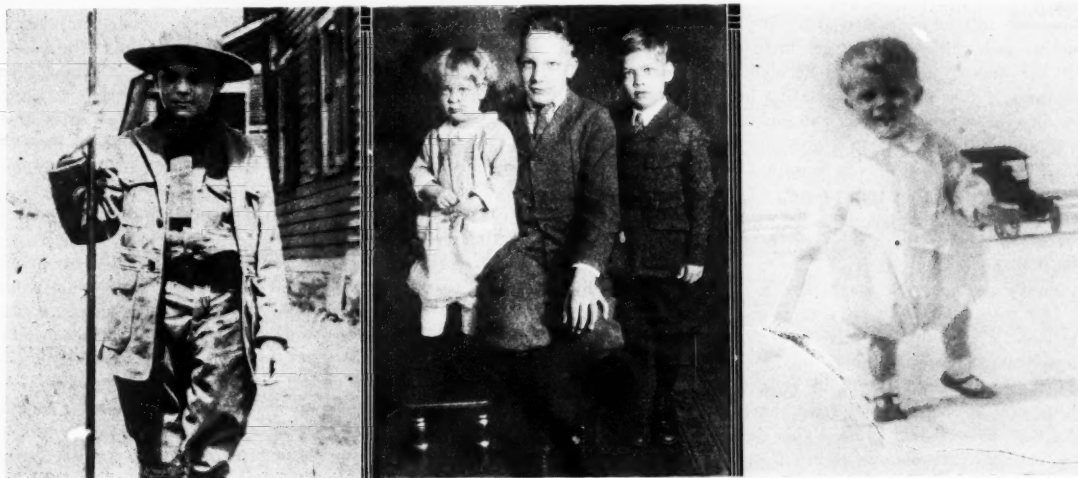
MY LADY'S HANDY AID
Courtesy of Mrs. Kenneth Murphy

cardboard in place and stitch around on machine. Buy a small pincushion at your ten cent store, about 3 inches in diameter. Cover it with cretonne and make a spiderweb of embroidery thread over the face of the pincushion running the threads down into the center of the cushion. Now sew the pincushion firmly to either side of the cretonne covered cardboard. Tack the edges of the two layers of cretonne together at intervals, making six sections. Pick up the center of each section of the first layer and tack it to the side of the pincushion, thus making an opening large enough to hold a spool of thread. Put

Now, summing up, if she would only hump
From early morn until she draws the curtain,
And be constantly and brightly on the jump,
That her master have no reason for exertion,

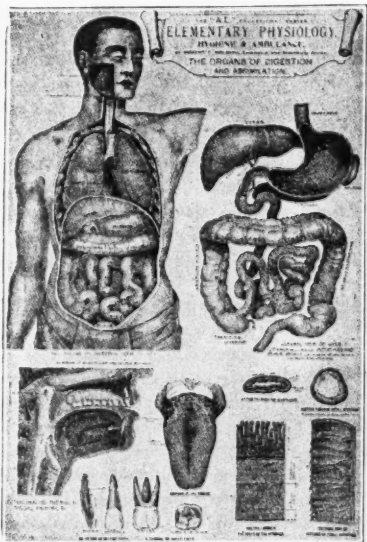
I would aptly term the wife a perfect trump,
And I'd be wildly happy, I am certain
It would ease my brow, as black as alabaster,
And I'd feel at last I really was a Master.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Left to right—Ralston J., the sixth son of Charles W. Waterhouse, of Philadelphia and Camden; Doris May, age 3; John Henry, age 13; Norbert Vincent, age 6, children of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Mueller, of Louisville, Ky; Max J. Kestner, Jr., age 18 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max J. Kestner of Florida.

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Name Official Position.....
City State

FRATS EVERYWHERE!

Look! Read! Think!

Our Convention in Atlanta was the cats whiskers. This is slang, but it hits the bull's eye. That convention in the memory of its delegates and visitors is like a jar of rare old wine, now empty, but with the bouquet or perfume lingering still.

Next July we trek to the Northwest to Minnesota, the land of ten thousand lakes and of St. Paul. We can already feel the fraternal grip and see the welcoming smile of our friends out there. We already feel sure not only of a busy but of a bully time.

And after St. Paul, WHERE?

Why, Denver, of course!

No. 64 wants you!

No. 64 sends you greetings!

No. 64 asks for your votes!

The South in 1921.

The Northwest in 1924.

The West in 1927!

No. 64 begs every sister division to instruct its delegates to vote for Denver, 1927.

We promise all a glorious time. Our Mountains, our Canyons, our Mesas, our health giving breezes all invite you.

COME TO DENVER

We have the climate that is good for the business of a convention. We have the climate, the country, the scenery that is good for pleasure after business.

Fraters at St. Paul, give Denver our votes!
After that watch our smoke!

Eternally and Fraternally yours,
DENVER, No. 64.

WINDY CITY OBSERVATIONS

By THOS. O. GRAY



FEW YEARS back while in a small Wisconsin town I happened to pick up an argument in a newspaper: "Who was the most happy and care-free person in the world." Correspondents were interviewing men of affairs, heads of educational institutions and millionaires to get their opinions; but I considered the answer of these and decided to give it a try out. It was the assertion that the wandering hobo was the happiest person that inhabited the globe, nothing worrying him, nothing nagging or anything that could possibly disturb his peace of mind. This was the answer a certain Chicago correspondent secured from a gold coast millionaire. To this others heartily agreed and several did not deny the fact that they would be glad to swap places with one of these "knights of the road." Considering the responsibilities of the two I asked a friend in Northern Wisconsin if he would like to "lead a tramp's life" for a few weeks with me, on a certain vacation trip, just to be thrilled by the outdoor life—living next to Nature. He acquiesced and I made arrangements for a get away. It was agreed that we should travel in style to Lake Banniboy in Northwestern Minnesota, and from there start a tramp's life all the 500 miles back home. This included refraining of buying railway fare on our return trip. It was agreed that neither of us should carry any baggage except a small grip to send back our street clothes, as we were to don the uniform of these wanderers after a day or two angling for muskies and trout.

It was the middle of August and very hot when the time came for me to start. I had bought a through ticket direct to the lake, but as the North Coast Limited did not stop at the station it was necessary for the agent to wire headquarters to pick me up at midnight. Whether he wired to pick me up or a "dummy" I do not know, but he did one or the other for as I hopped aboard the conductor smiled, pulled out a pad and pencil and wrote: "Do you wish to retire at once?" He led the way to my berth as I told him of my friend. He promised to attend to that and on awakening the following morning I had a bed fellow with me. After sixty miles of breakfast we arrived at St. Paul, Minn. At St. Cloud we were tired of the pullman life and went into the day coach to study the inhabitants of the northern state. No sooner were we seated than our sign conversation attracted the attention of several travelers ahead of us. We were watched for quite a while as talking in signs was something new to them. Out at the end of the coach sat three men in a heated conversation. From their actions we calculated they were having a dispute over the sign language. The three men were, from appearances, evidently Irish, Scandinavian and German. The former were against the latter, as his whiskers suggested he was the goat. To settle the question they decided to ask us for a confirmation or a denial. Summing up courage he pulled out an old letter and on the back wrote in excellent English: "May we ask how you deaf boys carry on a conversation in the dark?" Having only two terms to my credit in the Illinois School for the Deaf and as a consequence a poor sign talker, I hesitated to tell for fear of committing a hoax. My companion, more proficient in signs, seized my hand and holding it over his as he spelled a word similar to the method of imparting knowledge to the blind. To this the German's face brightened up as he stammered out a "Thank you!" Walking back to his two companions he was seen to collect a couple of comet-tail cigars.

On arriving at the lake in the late afternoon we made

arrangements for a drive of fifteen miles to another lake known to anglers as Trout Pond. This was surrounded by a dense forest, reminding us of the "Primeval Forest" of Longfellow's Evangeline. Nothing could be more appropriate than starting to live the life of a tramp in an abandoned hut, far from the maddening crowd and God's country, and around which the wild animals were supposed to creep at night. A fire was built in the fire-place with enough wood left to keep the fire going all night. Inside this dim lighted structure we started to untangle our trout lines then danced the polka. There being no beds of any kind we decided to get used to the dirt floor. A tramp's bed is supposed to be anywhere he can lay down to sleep, with no covering but his own hide. Getting used to this rough life was our first thought; but at the same time careful not to overdo it at the risk of injury to our health. On the morrow, a bright, sunny day, we were up and around early, though limping from an ungambosed mattress' disturbance. With the aid of a forked stick our bacon became eatable and with the use of a gallipot cooked a tempting dish of oatmeal. We ate sparingly as we knew we would have to travel on our stomach, as did Napoleon's army, and weren't courting an attack of indigestion. Some very nice trout were caught on a hook baited with a wad of chewing gum. Nothing could be as contented as we during the daytime; but at night fear of unseen foes out foraging for food seized us at times until we fell asleep of exhaustion. However, these fears soon disappeared for the open air was so invigorating one could hardly remain awake long. Three days and four nights were spent fishing and roaming through the woods around the lake. By this time we were changed from the refinement of the city to a pair of bronzed hoboes. Each of us had taken the precaution to bring along enough currency to last the entire trip. This being sewed to the inside of our monkey-jacket, because carrying a purse would arouse suspicion that you were not a member of the Hobo Union. With a compass, a folding drinking cup and a can opener, we were ready to bid good-bye to the forest and begin our journey home on foot.

Leaving the dense forest for the open country, our return trip began. On reaching the Red River of the North we followed it till we came to Moorehead, Minn. When about a mile out a large electric sign attracted our attention. It read: "House of Lords" giving us the impression "Billy" Sunday was in town conducting a revival meeting. Our thoughts were of expressing contrition and hitting the sawdust trail, or to ignore it, however, our curiosity got the best of us. As we came up to the building and sauntered inside, instead of finding a place of worship the devil was there busily engaged in sowing the seeds from which sprung prohibition. Our night was spent in sleeping at a lumber yard where, on awakening the following morning, there were fourteen tramps sleeping among us. Not desirous of getting acquainted, for fear they were much despised I. W. W. that were causing the farmers of the great wheat belt endless trouble, we left following the line of the Great Northern railway. At Alexandria, Minn., was much amusement, but we were pledged not to reveal our pearance from road traveling lent color to this suspicion; the depot cop escorted us to the police station on arrival. This was much amusement but we were pledged not to reveal our true identity until the last. From 5 p.m. until around midnight we were detained and questioned, each readily answering any question asked us by the chief, but to guard against us remaining in town we were allowed to go if we would

abide by his decision. To this we readily agreed but were much surprised to know we would have to get aboard the Winnepeg Express which was due around midnight. This was a new game to us but I surmised it was the town's way of getting rid of wanderers, loafers and hang-outs. The cop escorted us to the depot and great was our chagrin when he says with pad and pencil: "Get aboard the incoming express the blind baggage I mean, and out of town." Our vehement protest was without avail; to think a police chief would encourage one to cheat the railway company out of fare was beyond our imagination. We were told to hide in the grass below the tank and when the fireman finished his task of filling the tender of water for us to crawl aboard. Our blood ran cold as the train thundered into town, everything happening just as the cop instructed, showing he was experienced at the business of damping suspicious characters on other towns. As we sprang aboard we were greeted by a growl from another hobo already perched there. Lucky for us, the first car had a vestibule large enough for us to hide within without being seen. As the train rounded a curve my companion peered out informed me in signs that the cop was beating the grass around the tank to be sure the town was rid of us.

Continued from Windy City Observations.

Now that we were flying through the darkness at a mile-a-minute clip our attention was to get acquainted with the other fellow. Being semi. I started to talk to him, immediately he threw up a warning finger, jerked his thumb over his shoulder giving us the understanding that there were a lot of men inside the car. Having a pocket flash light I soon had the other fellow conversing with me. From him I learned he had been put off twice before from talking too loud. He claimed to be on his way home from the harvest fields having started working in Texas and kept at it all summer till Canada had been reached, and to save his money he was beating it home to finish his college course at Taylor University. At the mention of this college I believed his statement as he showed a pretty good hand writing and could make his signs understood. Near in St. Cloud Minn., we huddled back in the blind as the train came to a stop to replenish the water supply. We were not discovered so remained aboard all the way to Minneapolis. Here our foot work was taken up again walking all the way to Eau Claire, Wis., without much excitement then time way up—just a day left before I must be back to work in Kenosha, Wis. My companion hailed a speeding road louse, was given a lift and soon was out of sight. Going into a barber shop, getting a lightening change—a shave and bath—the first since leaving I was ready to go home. Thanks to that millionaire's idea it enabled me to write a true story of 5000 words entitled the "Wanderer." And besides this both of us had a perfect vacation with perfect health. Within a month, after writing it over twice, an Eastern publisher gobbled it up at one and one-half cents a word.

Notice

Will the N. F. S. D. Delegates and Visitors to the St. Paul Convention who intend to pass through Duluth please communicate with me that arrangements can be made for their entertainment during their stay here?

JOHN DELANCE, Secy.

Entertainment Committee, Zenith Branch, N.A.D.
210 Providence Bldg., Duluth, Minn.—Adv.

Wanted

Young Jewish Semi-Mute girl would like to be a companion to a young deaf-mute girl or child. Anna Libster, 995 Aldus Street, Bronx, N. Y.—Advertisement.

SECOND BI-ENNIAL CONVENTION

of the

New Jersey State Branch, N. A. D. TO BE HELD AT THE PEOPLE'S PLACE

380 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Saturday, August 30th and Monday, September 1st, 1924.
(Sunday Aug. 31st—Excursion up the Beautiful Hudson)

PROGRAM

Saturday, August 30th.

- 2.30 P.M.—Opening of the Convention
Invocation by Rev. John H. Kent
Address of Welcome by Mayor Frank Hague
Response and Address by President Frederick A. Moore
Sign Rendition by three or five Young Ladies
Address—Speaker to be announced later.
Address by Commissioner A. Harry Moore
Address by Dr. Chambers, Pres't of the Jersey City League for Hard of Hearing
Address by Mrs. Clara Laterman, Executive Secretary, Jersey City League for Hard of Hearing
Appointment of Committees
- 8.00 P.M. to 9.00 P.M.—Moving Pictures (Humorous)
9.00 P.M.—Banquet in Palace.
Addresses by Prominent Deaf Speakers.

Sunday, August 31st.

All Day Excursion Up the Beautiful Hudson

Labor Day, Monday, September 1st.

- 9.00 A.M. to 12.30 P.M.—Business Session
2.00 P.M.—Athletic Games
8.00 P.M. to 12 Midnight—Dance in Palace

HOW TO REACH THE PEOPLE'S PALACE—Take Hudson and Manhattan Tube train to Summit Ave. Station, Jersey City, then get on a Bergen Ave. bus which runs direct to the Palace, or take Jackson Ave. trolley car at the loop of the Summit Ave. Tube Station and get off at Forrest St. Walk one block up to the corner of Bergen Ave.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS—Out of town visitors who intend to remain in Jersey City during the Convention may secure excellent sleeping quarters at the new Hotel Plaza which is located one block from the Summit Ave. Tube Station, on Sip Ave. corner of Enos Place.

Rates are for Single, \$3.00 and \$3.50; double \$5.00 per night. Each room is an "outside room" with bath. There are plenty of first-class eating places around the Summit Ave. Tube Station.

BANQUET—Tickets are \$1.75 a cover and may be procured from Mrs. George S. Porter, School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J., or from Chas. T. Hummer, 92 Tonnele Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Positively no reservations will be made after Tuesday, August 18th. When sending for tickets thru the mail, be certain to send money order.

EXCURSION—The time, pier and other particulars will be posted in Convention. Persons intending to go on the Excursion must purchase their tickets in person at the Pier in New York Sunday morning.

Master Etcher Joins Star-Bulletin

The four-color process plates used on the cover of this issue of Hale Pui were etched by Mr. Charles J. LeClerc, a color plate maker of exceptional ability, who recently joined our organization.

Mr. LeClerc has had a wide and varied experience in engraving and a training in art that has qualified him for the work he does. As a student at school, he attended Cooper Union of New York, where he won honorary merit for delinquency, afterward being admitted to the Academy of Art, where he took a two-year course in the cast and life classes.

He later was apprenticed to a lithograph firm as an artist, where he remained for six years as a designer of labels, and later on was employed by J. Walter Thompson making drawings for advertising campaigns.

During this time Mr. LeClerc became interested in photo-engraving and was engaged by the Central Bureau of Engraving as an etcher, remaining there for five years before going to the Lithograph Company as color finisher and airbrush artist. Subsequently he was employed by the Walker Engraving



CHARLES J. LECLERCQ
The Master-Etcher Now in Hawaii

Company, where he remained for seventeen years, and that company, which has always made a specialty of magazine covers, gave Mr. LeClerc charge of this branch of their business, which included all of Munsey's Magazine covers, The Century, Outing, Cosmopolitan, American, Puck, Judge, All Story, etc.

Like many other ambitious men, Mr. LeClerc determined to visit "the golden west" and for the last few years he has been with Dregge and Farnum of San Francisco, where he made all of the color engravings for the Sunset Magazine and the booklets and folders for the Matson Navigation Company, Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Southern Pacific Railway, and the Hawaii and California sugar companies.

The Star-Bulletin is fortunate in securing the services of Mr. LeClerc, and his efforts will be reflected in the improved quality of work that is offered its clients.—*House Organ of Honolulu Star Bulletin.*

Hall Boy: "De man in room seben has done hanged himself."

Hotel Clerk: "Did you cut him down?"

Hall Boy: "No sah! He ain't dead yet!"

Beckham Party

The most interesting social event in Oklahoma City (Okla.) silent circles, so far this year, was on Saturday night, April 19, when Mrs. Beckham gave a birthday party in honor of her husband, Mr. W. R. Beckham.



THE BECKHAM PARTY

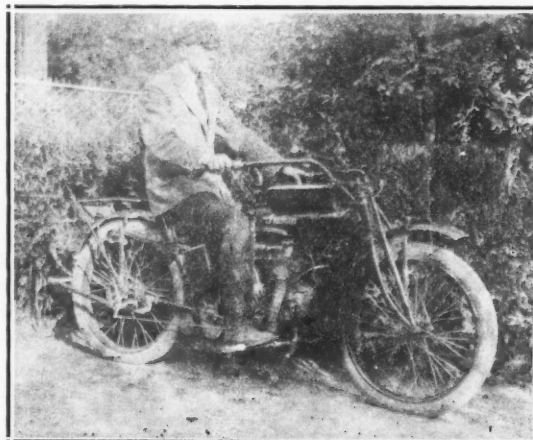
For the entertainment of the company, the game of words was played for the first hour or so. Refreshments were then served by Mrs. Beckham, Kloster and Tice.

The winners in the word game were: Albert C. Powell and Mrs. Edna Lackey. Mrs. Lackey, got a box of stationery while the booby prize fell to Mr. Albert C. Powell.

Among the guests from outside of the city were: Mr. and Mrs. Lackey, of El Reno, Okla.; Mr. and Mrs. Champean, of Norman, Okla.; Mrs. Annie Bowen, of Hugo, Okla.; Mr. Rizzard, Mr. and Mrs. Tice, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. Kloster, Miss Oren Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Powell, Theo. Schoenhoven, Fred Johnson, all of Oklahoma City. Mr. Andy Gallagher, of Streator, Ill.

The next day the party went to Fair Grounds Park where they ere photographed in group, as shown in the above picture.

Mr. Andy Gallagher and Mr. Albert C. Powell gave two pretty ties to Mr. W. R. Beckham for his birthday. Miss Hudson and Mrs. Gunn gave him some handkerchiefs, Mrs. and A. C. Powell presented him with a fine box of chocolates. All had a most pleasant time.



LEO C. RODZEWICH (28 years old) of Kishmeff, Basaraha, Rumania, formerly occupied by Russia. Former Pupil of Petrograd School for the Deaf. All around sportsman, using our "American Made" motorcycle "Indian".

N. A. D. FRATITIES

By FREDERICK MEAGHER

*'Twas five-and-twenty years ago thy magic name resounded—
When down there came
On screeds of Fame
That magic name—*

ST. PAUL!

*'Twas twenty-five long years ago we lesser-lights surrounded
The great, grim leaders of our kind, who blew the bugle-
call*

*That dusty bugle blows again, a gath'ring peal which shatters
The calm from rock-ribbed Portland (Maine) to Portland
(Oregon):*

*So, heeding, we shall gather there—all fighting, friendly fraters,
To do our best, with zeal and zest, in work and fight and
fun!*

NADFRATITIES

"NOTHING Succeeds like Success," is exemplified by little St. Paul division, which plays host to the Grand Triennial Convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf this summer—July 7-12.

When I first visited that hustling mid-west division in November, 1917, it was only one year old. The following summer at the Grand Convention in Philadelphia, Frederick Flick gave it a complimentary nomination for the 1921 Convention, which I was happy to suitably second. St. Paul had no delegate present, but we felt its "Go-getter spirit" deserved encouragement.

However, none of us suspected that in the coming three years the baby division we thus gave a kindly pat on the back, would grow so hale and hearty it would win the plum at the very next Convention, three years hence.

That record is phenomenal.

The last time St. Paul was host to a big convention of the deaf was in 1899—and the N. A. D. rostrum was then the scene of epochal and historic platform-battles. Indications are that St. Paul will "run true to form," and the political arena seethe like a storm-lashed sea. For success breeds envy, and it is whispered that some of these who knocked and harassed the N. F. S. D. in the stirring times of its early struggles, have now decided to step in, seize the reins, and kick out the tried and true disciples who guided it from a miserable mongrel to its present status as a half-million-dollar corporation.

Are you going to St. Paul? If not, why not?

:::

*We young Lochinvars shall entrain for the West
To mingle and mix with the bravest and best.
'Tis our honest intent—and that isn't a fib—
To lobby and labor for "Andy" and "Gib."*

While politics, always have and always will, play a prominent part in conventions of every sort; while heart-aches and vain-regrets are the certain outcome; there are two men in frat ranks who should be returned to office thru unanimous vote, by every reason of sense and sentiment.

These two unseparable and irreplaceable officials are Grand President Harry C. Anderson and Grand Secretary Francis P. Gibson.

When "Prexy" Anderson—a "dark-horse" unknown to fame—was rolled into office by the Chicago steam-roller in 1912, there were—but look at this table:

	1912	April 1, 1924	Approximate per cent Increase
Divisions	35	93	140
Members	1109	5480	500
Assets	\$21,735.54	\$542,084.92	2500

Notice particularly the percentage of financial strength.

Anderson personally attended to the investment of every dollar—and our society has never lost a cent during his rule. In other respects he is no "figure-head president," take it from your Uncle Jimmie. I ought to know—to my sorrow.

"Gib," who—as Grand President in 1905—single-handed fought the "ring" of Grand officers which were trying to wreck the society (and who was theron forcibly given charge of the "dying pipe-dream") has ever since had to endure the guerrilla warfare of these Grands who were fired by the Convention of 1905. Only those who know the inside history of Gibson's sufferings and sacrifices during the long years of petty persecution by picayune politicians, false friends, and envious enemies—only us insiders can fitly realize the wonder is that our "Miracle Man" did not break-down under the load he carried.

At all costs we must retain "Gib" and "Prexy." Both because we can hardly find better men (any change would be an out-and-out gamble) and to avoid the stigma of being an organization that turns its war-horses out to starve with every whim of political demagogues.

:::

*A college-bred card-peddler, in his gay and gladsome way,
Would beat his wife, his storm-and-strife, a dozen times per day.*

*Another peddler ran from home—his wife can't pay the rent;
He's riding in a swell new car—while she has not a cent.
Ed Sullivan a frat's wife stole, and then—with nerve immense—
He swindled half of Canada and used, as "reference,"
(Which causes Dukes of Deafdom to giggle in their glee)
The names of nestor Hodgson, great Gib, and meager me.*

Leo Schwartz, husky heavyweight, whose deserted wife in Milwaukee advertized in the *Journal* for news of his whereabouts, is reported in a later edition of the same *Journal* as touring the Californian coast in a big new car, still peddling A-B-C cards and making up to \$20 per day. And they used to grow two-fisted He-men in California!

Leroy Henderson, a Gallaudet College Chicagoan, and the card-peddling parter of Herman Gott, was sentenced to a year in the Chicago Bridewell when his wife charged he "beat her and spent most of his \$85 a week for moonshine."

Eddie Sullivan, for a decade the chief thorn in the Imposter Bureau body, released in January after nine months in the South Dakota Penitentiary, forced the wife of a Minneapolis frat to travel with him as he wandered all over the Canadian provinces swindling silents by the wholesale. He actually had the guts to use my name as a reference!!!!

Captured in Oregon thru the energy of Dr. Olof Hanson and



Police record in Portland: Name—Frank Stutzman, arrested March 25, 1924. Woman with him says his real name is Ed. Krieder, but not sure if correct.



DEAF VISITORS TO THE PLANT OF THE CHICAGO HERALD AND EXAMINER

those Northwestern Go-getters. Now in jail for a nice little vacation.

Card peddling seems to be a component part of the wife-deserting, wife-beating, and wife-stealing profession. Well, what are YOU going to do about it? Twiddle your thumbs and wait for the other fellow to rid God's good green footstool of such vermin?

P. S.—Since the foregoing was written Eddie Sullivan, serving a three month term in a Portland jail, has been "tricked" into admitting violation of the Mann "white slave" act, and sentenced to f-o-u-r y-e-a-r-s in a Federal penitentiary—McNeils Island, in Puget Sound, Washington state. Those Federal officials are hardboiled birds, and Sullivan's customary tears and other sympathy gags won't avail this time. "God's in his Heaven; all's right with the world."

: : :

That little Oregon holds the record for severity of sentences in Impostorism cases; in '15, or so, Oregon sent-up a man for one-to-five years on a purely Impostorism charge, on direct solicitation of the Impostor Bureau of the N. A. D. And now that troublesome Eddie Sullivan gets the longest "stretch" of his eventful career in this same Oregon.

Now, if only Schwartz, Gott and Henderson would ankle out to that frontier outpost and start to peddle their punk doggerel and other forms of A-B-C cards. Oh, boy!—trust to "Oregon luck."

: : :

This is for the attention of Gallaudet College students and the older pupils of our state schools. "Press is power." The oralists realize it, and make the most of every opportunity. It is up to you pupils and scholars to secure your own publicity to counteract this. Have one of your teachers help you draft a few short newsy items about your college or school career, and on reaching home for vacation go promptly to the editorial rooms of your newspaper, say you "Want to see the city editor; reason, have a live news-item of interest." (That will let you past the hard-boiled cop guarding the door). Give the city ed. your carefully prepared item. He may turn you over to a reporter for further questioning; or he may just nod and wave you away, and print the item in whole or part. He may even assign a photographer to "take" you. But rarely will he be so grouchy as to throw the item away unprinted. For it is "news," and it has "local interest."

It will work in your home-town papers, since it worked on the Chicago sheets, with their million circulation. This cut and an interesting stickful, was used in the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* last June, when the following Gallaudet students visited the plant: Top—left to right—Jack Seipp and John

Wallace, (Washington State) Burton Clark, (Minn.) Ernest Langenberg, (Wis.) Casper Jacobson and Birney Wright, (Wash.) Guy Calame, (Okla.) Seated—Ethel Mason, (Wash.) Edythe Ozbun, (Kans.) Fern Newton and Mary Dobson, (Iowa) Ethel Newman, (Wash.)

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave.

—Marmion.



MISS MELISCA LEWIS
Member Board of Managers Ohio Home for the Aged Deaf

Sprigs O' Mint

By J. H. MUELLER



MY back yard grows a row of the most fragrant mint that ever did spring forth from the ground to tickle the olfactory organ of mortal man and tempt him to cuss the Volstead dictum which makes it a penitentiary offense to look upon the ditsilled extract of the juice of the corn. Volstead had his way, and the innocent mint is the chief sufferer. No longer does the Colonel gather his guests in the back yard, signal unto his dusky man of various jobs to bring on the long stemmed glasses and the tinkling ice. No longer does he in conjunction with his guests debate on the merits of this horse or other, no longer do they dilate upon the merits of the young lady some distance down the road; for them the world has taken out its first mourning clothes. Soon they shall join the aromatic fluid which did exhilarate as things of the past, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, and all the rest of the mournful dirge poured forth by the clericals on funeral occasions. We shall not worry; our strongest has ever been iced tea with a sprig o' mint in it; but, nevertheless, we sympathize with those gallant old men who believed they had a right to drink what they pleased, whether law-makers were of the opinion that it was good for them or not.

Once upon a time I ran across these lines:

*"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will
The scent of the roses will cling to it still."*

Yes, and though you legislate out of existence the most essential part of the genuine Kentucky julep, yet you cannot eradicate the fragrance of the mint. It is there, and long after you have forgotten your wife, your brother, your sister, and your bank account, the tang of the mint is still with you, to remind you of the truism that, regardless of human edicts, the memory of things that were is indelible.

I love the mint. I love its fragrance. Friend Wife often takes me to task for spending so much time on my bed. Not my four poster, but my mint bed. Weeds are not allowed there. It is kept a scrupulously clean from all alien substances and growths as my bay window will permit. I take a sprig in my mouth, and forthwith, I have visions which would give old Omar flights of fancy beyond any which his jug of apple-jack ever furnished. I had a sprig for supper this evening, and leave it to my readers to judge what beneficent effect it has on the mind. Or on the imagination, if you please. Folks say that what I write for publication is nothing but flights of fancy. Well, if you too think so, gentle reader, I shall not attempt to disturb you. There is, as yet, no Volsteadian law which forbids the exercise of free thought.

These feet of mine have covered a large piece of American territory in their day. The only part of this land of ours which I have not yet roamed through is that west of the Rockies, and St. Paul. St. Paul I hope to live long enough to visit this coming summer, and if Jay Cooke Howard will leave his pocketbook and something like ten thousand beans in it, I shall go on to Oregon, and look up my old college chum Emery Edwin Vinson in his cave. But that is not what I started to narrate. During one of my travelling spells, I hit a place where there was a literary society composed of great minds and frank. I was handed a card which would entitle me to admission and all the courtesies which go with it. A debate was on, the leaders were Gallaudet graduates, one man, the other a lady. And the two, in private life, were man

and wife. I do not know what caused the committee on program to dish up this situation, but the supporters of principals were also man and wife. And the wife of the supporter was delegated to work with the male principal, the male supporter with the female principal. After the usual preliminaries, the chairman called upon the supporter on the affirmative side, Mrs. Jinks. She got up all right, and orated as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, except that chairman, I wish to protest against this highhanded assumption of authority on the part of the committee. I am always willing to debate, whether it be with my man, my children, the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick maker. But I do object to being put to work in a public debate the way your chairman has done with me. I have so much house work to do, three meals to cook every day; my daughter is in high school, and my boy in college. I have to wash no end of clothes to keep them looking swell, and I told your chairman so. But he said that it did not matter with him whether I was Queen Isabella or the sultan of Swat, whatever he may have meant by that. It was my turn to appear in a public debate, and there was no way out for me. I want to ask you, is this way to treat a hardworking woman"

The chairman here pounded the signal that time was up. "My time up? Why, you poor miserable specimen of a presiding officer, I have not had my say in the debate yet, and I would like to see you stop me."

But she did stop, with a look at the chairman which should have annihilated him, but he merely smiled. Mr. Jinks then got up and said: "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, also Mrs. Jinks, I am proud of this opportunity to say what's on my mind without fear of interruption . . ." But he got no further. Mrs. Jinks got up, and the warmest debate I ever saw ensued. I believe it was with consent of the principals that a motion was made to close the debate after about half an hour's argument, without either principal having had a word to say. The judges begged for permission to retire, and after half an hour, the chairman sent for them to make their verdict. The judges could not be found anywhere in the building, so the debate was entered as being in *statu quo*. Several days later, Mrs. Jinks received a letter informing her that she had been awarded the decision. The next day, Mr. Jinks received the same sort of a notice. My sprig o' mint is next to all powerful, but it has not been able to tell me who won that debate.

I was walking down a Baltimore street one day, and passed a cemetery. From the sidewalk I could read numerous stones, and one of them told the world that Edgar Allen Poe lay here. I wished to test to my companion, and asked who Poe was. "Why, a famous clergyman, a bishop in the Methodist Church."

I have never been able to solve this, whether it was meant as a penalty for the torture I was about to inflict, or merely an oversight on the part of the ticket taker. One day, I was giving a reading. With wife and baby I entered the hall, and the doorkeeper demanded forty-five cents. "What for?" I asked. "Three admissions," was the answer. "But I am the speaker," I remonstrated. "Can't help it, my orders are that no one enters without the price of a ticket, and I am going to see to it that no dead beats get past this door." I believe I am the first and only speaker on record who had to pay to get in the hall where he was scheduled for a speech.

Wife spanked our little girl this evening. As is usual in such cases, the little one reported to me: "Papa, mama hit me." "She did, did she? Now that's too bad. Where did she hit you?" "On the back of my tummy."

I have dined with many a deaf family. And the different ways and forms of saying grace would furnish material for a lengthy article. The oddest I ever saw was "Piggly Wiggly." I could not see the sense of a grocery slogan until the lady of the house told me "Help yourself."

A very trifling incident is liable to make a horse laugh. Alton Odom, the Tennessee horseman, bears the reputation of being the hardest man in the country to make smile, let alone laugh. But he recently let go a laugh that started his acquaintances. Here is the history of the laugh. A kid at the Ohio school was just learning to set type. A line he was setting ended with is. He got in the i all right, but the s was a little fat. He thought it over a little while, and then hit upon the happy solution, put in a hyphen, making it i-s. Happy thought! Could that division be legalized by the union and the typothetae, there, would be less trouble on the part of proof readers. And some ham operators whom I know would be able to demand bigger salaries.

Odom, by the way, has promised me to name his next horse Isis. Ought to pay well in the pari mutuels.

There is a baby near our place. Its grandmother is so proud of it that she speaks of nothing else. This wonderful baby has everything imaginable, no matter what friends wish to bring it, it has it already. A cynical old bachelor paid the family a visit the other day. Baby was squalling. "Ah," said Mr. Bachelor, "I see there is one thing Baby has not got and needs very badly." Grandma pulled herself up coldly, and asked what childless old dub knew about the needs of children. "The baby needs a darn good spanking." "He has been non grata with them ever since."

A couple of weeks ago, we got a freak egg, hardly larger

than a small plum. Our youngest, Doris (see her picture elsewhere in this issue), toddled up to mama: "I want to give biddy some yeast. "What for? "So she can lay larger eggs."

I have a collection of freak letters which I prize highly, and which I shall publish from time to time, if the editor is willing. One of them is:

"You are cordially invited to attend a surprise pound surprise party given by Miss in honor of her birthday on April 30, on next Tuesday."

Another, written to my wife, read:

"Dear my new friend—I read your address in Bachelor dictionary. I have no girl. I want a girl. Will you be my girl? I am a good boy. I only twenty-three year young, and have a farm, big many cows and chicken. If you will not want to have me, I will give you twenty-five cents if you get me a nice girl." Fifteen years have elapsed and wifey has not yet been able to earn her two bits.

One of my boys heard some one at school recite Longfellow's Psalm of Life. He put it to writing this evening. The lines

*"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,"*

he translated a follows:

*"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the gravy's in the bowl."*

O little sprig o' mint! What thoughts you bring to me! I shall close now, while I am in the humor for kindly things, but shall resume my ruminations later on. What has become of the WORKER's humorist, Crutcher? Does he lack the mint that leads the colonel of Kentucky on to flights of rhetoric? If so, I shall send him some, sans the corn.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By MARGARET E. JACKSON



WASHINGTON has apparently become a popular rendezvous for holding national conventions. Quite a number of delegates to the recent conventions, paid a visit to Gallaudet College where they were conducted to various class-rooms. The most recent visitor was Mrs. Kauffman, a delegate from Columbus, Ohio to the University Women's Convention in Washington. The students who were privileged to be acquainted with her, were delighted when they were informed that Mrs. Kauffman personally knew Dorothy Canfield, a young deaf writer. Dorothy Canfield is the daughter of one time President of the University of Ohio where Mrs. Kauffman's late husband was a professor. Mrs. Kauffman gave an interesting account of the great work of the writer to translate Papini's "Life of Christ."

Sometime ago the Co-eds had the pleasure of witnessing an aquatic exhibition given in their swimming pool by several members of the Capitol Athletic Club of Washington and also by several visitors from New York. Some of these exhibitors are Candidates for the coming Olympic games in Europe. Many unusual feats the visitors performed aroused the spectators' warm admiration. The most interesting stunt was a Japanese race of blowing out balloons after swimming twice the length of the pool. Miss Scadding, champion of the South Atlantic States was the center of attention at the exhibition.

Friday evening, April fourth, Professor Allison of Mathematics and Engineering, delivered one of the series of the Faculty lectures before the student body in the Chapel Hall. His subject was "Efficiency."

Saturday evening the fifth, the O. W. L. S. held its first literary meeting of the last colligate term. Professor Drake of Agriculture gave an exceedingly interesting lecture on "Bread." In a character contest Miss Kannapell, '27, as a shiek outdid her competitors Miss Kikue Ukai, P. C., as a Japanese and Miss Dorothy Clark, P. C., as a nurse. Miss Emma Sandberg, '25, gave a monologue "The Secret." A short play "How Charlemagne Found Roland" was entertained. The characters in the play were as follows:

Roland	Miss Estelle Caldwell '27
Bertha	Miss Oleta Brothers '27
Oliver	Miss Edythe Ozbun '27
Charlemagne	Miss Fern Newton '27
Adelaide	Miss Gladys Hansen P. C.
Berthaide	Miss Mable Johnson P. C.
Governor	Miss Bertha Mulhern P. C.
Servant	Miss Vera Tinney P. C.
Turpin	Miss Lucille Du Bose P. C.

Miss Weinona Edward, '25, declaimed "Yankee Doodle." Miss Ella Clarkson, '24, acted as critic.

At a recent meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association the following officers were elected: President, Margaret Jackson, '25; Vice-President, Emma Sandberg, '25; Secretary, Esther Forsman, '27; Treasurer, Lucille Du Bose, P. C.; Chairman, Fern Newton, '27. These officers will be in charge of the association for the year of 1924-25.

Mr. Elstad, instructor in English and History, was absent several days from his duties in college to visit the Rochester,

Fanwood, New Jersey and Mt. Airy Schools. Mr. Elstad has been appointed principal of the Kendall School for the next fall. Mr. J. W. Blattner, a normal student, will take the place of Mr. Elstad.

Spring is always welcome to the students for an excellent reason. That reason is the long-anticipated vacation. It began Wednesday noon, April sixteenth and ended Monday evening, the twenty-first. For the first time in the history of college, the Green was entirely vacated for the spring. The Young men of College Hall succumbed to the echo of Great

Falls, Va., where they pitched their camp tents. The co-eds passed their vacation at the "Y" Kamp Kalkert, which is situated on West River about thirty-five miles away in Maryland. Fishing along the Potomac at Great Falls was very popular with the boys while rowing on the river, several launch rides on Chesapeake Bay, baseball, hikes and playing cards were recreations for the Co-eds.

The preparatory Class gave its first Sunday School concert on April Thirteenth in Chapel Hall. The program was as follows:

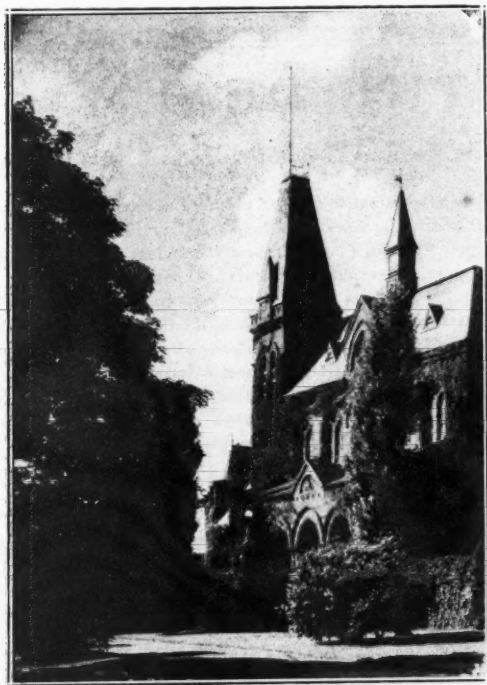
Opening prayer	Lucille Du Bose
Hymn: "Cavalary"	Peter Steward
Talk: "The Message Easter Brings" ..	Dorothy Clark
Talk: "Easter Customs"	James Flood
Hymn: "Rock of Ages"	Gladys Hansen

Dr. Ely closed the concert with a prayer. Collections were made, the proceeds turning over to the Associated Charities of Washington.

Friday evening, April twenty-fifth, the Kappa Gamma Fraternity gave an informal dance. The dance was held in Gymnasium Hall. The hall with its effective display of the Fraternity colors and palms, was filled with buoyancy. The music furnished by the Montrose Entertainers received warm applause from to hear the speaker.

Sunday afternoon, the twenty-seventh, the Young Men's paratory Class were received by Dr. and Mrs. Hall at a reception which was held in the latter's residence. It is reported that every one enjoyed the evening thoroughly.

Sunday afternoon the twenty-seventh, the Young Men's Christian Association took charge of the chapel services. At this meeting Mr. Robert Fletcher, '26, was inaugurated as President for the year 1924-25. Mr. Ishizawa, an attache of the Japanese Embassy in Washington was the principal speaker. He gave an address on "Japanese Life and Customs." It left an impressive effect on the minds of those who are fortunate to hear the speaker.



Another charming view of Gallaudet College by Rev. Mr. Pulver

DEATHS

February 27, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., Miss Elizabeth Laird, aged 64, caused by debility and tumor on knee.

April 13, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Maria Louisa Ziegler, aged 73, from complicated diseases.

MARRIAGES

October 18, 1923, at Shamokin, Pa., Charles Krieger to Blanche Young.

October 21, 1923, at Philadelphia, Pa., Morris Goldberg to Annie Buten.

February 20, 1924, at Punxsutawney, Pa., Merrill Post-lethwaite to Grace Buterbaugh.

March 16, 1924, at Atlantic City, N. J., Mrs. Ida Wilson to Joshua B. Finley, of Pittsburg. At home after April 1st, at 7036 Tacoma Street, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

April 12, 1924, at Portland, Oregon, Royal Cooke to Selma Hagen.

April 24, 1924, at Cleveland, Ohio, Frank M. Bauer to Mrs. Maude E. Bengsch. At home 309 Grand Ave., Akron, Ohio.

April 28, 1924, at Newark, N. J., Thomas J. Blake, of Maryland, to Miss Josephine Kulikowski, of Newark, N. J.

BIRTHS

October 19, 1923, at Camden, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Rebstock, a boy—named Edward K.

December 31, 1923, at Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Wahl, a son—named Francis.

March 12, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Scott, a girl—named Adelia.

March 28, 1924, at New York City, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Sturtz (nee Anna Sweyd) a boy—6¾ lbs—named Richard Sweyd Sturtz.

April 1, 1924, at Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ellerhorst, a girl—named Lucile Jane

April 16, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Hart, at Savannah, Ga., a boy—named Frederick Jacob, Jr. Weight 8 lbs 10z

The Writer's Work-shop

(Note: I will be glad to answer personally any letter from the deaf who wish to know the names and where to obtain books and magazines on any type of writing they desire. I will be glad, also, to answer questions relating to fiction, article, technical, and photoplay writing. Please send stamp for reply. Mrs G. Deliglio, 291 San Rafael St., Portland, Oregon.)

Conducted by Guie Leo Deliglio

WRITING FOR THE DEAF



THE DEAF WRITER will naturally write stories or articles for magazines devoted to the deaf. He knows and understands the deaf better than any hearing writers, no matter how famous the latter may be. Unless particularly concerned with the deaf, a hearing person shows very little interest in reading or writing about them. This is the reason deaf characters seldom appear in popular fiction—and when they do they are usually depicted as ardent oralists, proficient lip-readers, or half-witted beggars. Some day the hearing world may understand, but that date is still in the future.

In a way the deaf writer shows the same inclination. Instead of being especially interested in hearing characters, he writes about the things he understands best; the deaf and their problems. Their welfare concerns himself, so he advances theories, gives advice, and tries to brighten up the lives of the deaf through the written word, the same as do the writers for the standard magazines. His work is like, yet unlike any other writer's.

When it has been decided upon to write regularly for magazines devoted to the deaf, the writer should subscribe to as many of these magazines and papers as possible. This will show him what the editor wants, what interests the deaf, and in what form the article should be composed. His own articles should not follow too closely the subjects that have already been printed, though his own theories on some particular subject will usually be accepted by the editor. All articles or stories written for the deaf should be of general interest to all the deaf of the United States, and not confined to one small group, unless it is to be published in a local school magazine.

There are many subjects of interest to the deaf. Articles on employment are always welcomed. Interviews with men who have succeeded in overcoming their handicap appear in nearly every issue of this magazine. The fight between oralism and the manual system still rages, though the subject should be handled in a fresh way if it is to create much interest. If the writer goes in for sports, he can make a speciality of interviewing deaf sportsmen, or write about successful athletic contests between deaf and deaf, or deaf and hearing teams. For a mechanic who is successfully conducting his own shop, or is employed in a large shop, an article about his trade will always be appreciated and read by many of the deaf.

Women writers usually stick pretty closely to writing articles and stories about home life. These deal with housekeeping or are filled with human interest. No magazine can hope to be successful without at least one or two such articles in each issue of the magazine, so there is always an acceptance waiting for good material of this type.

Many of the school magazines have columns devoted to news of former graduates and the doings of the deaf in near-by cities. This news is sent in by contributors of various towns. The editor gladly prints it for he knows it will interest the deaf and also help the circulation of the magazine. Usually a certain deaf person in each city is chosen as the magazine

reporter. Sometimes several of the deaf take turns in doing the writing.

A few of the magazines for the deaf accept photos, cartoons, and illustrated articles. This helps the deaf illustrators to show what they can do. Photos of prominent deaf men, conventions, or places of interest to the deaf are usually acceptable.

Poems by or about the deaf are few and far between. This is why some clipped poems are published oftener than originals. Deaf persons find it hard to understand poetry and still harder to write it. Editors welcome poems written to inspire handicapped and discouraged men and women. If the poems have been clipped from a standard magazine the name of the author and magazine must be mentioned. Some poems cannot be published due to protective copyright. Original poems are always the most acceptable, if well written. They should concern the deaf if possible.

Short, humorous sketches are useful in any magazine. Good natured jokes about real deaf persons can be used, but it must be sure that the ridiculed person will not take offense before the joke is sent to the editor, or the writer may have serious trouble.

Some of the magazines for the deaf are willing to publish good fiction stories in which deaf characters play an important part. A score or more readers of this magazine have been questioned regarding fiction stories appearing in these magazines. Two-thirds eagerly welcome fiction with deaf characters; several others said they usually read the fiction stories when they appeared and liked them, the rest—a very few—wanted the magazines to contain only news of the deaf and a few articles about shop work and sports. It seems that most of the editors will gladly consider fiction stories containing human interest, a moral without too much preaching, and showing how courage and optimism helps overcome the handicap of deafness.

All the different types of articles cannot be mentioned in this department this month. It will pay the aspiring writer to read the magazine he wishes to contribute to very thoroughly before attempting to write the article he has in mind. If he thinks it suitable, it should be submitted to the editor by all means. A self-addressed and stamped envelope should be enclosed if the article is to be returned if found unsuitable.

Magazines for the deaf are unable to pay much for material printed. Their sale is limited to the deaf and their hearing friends, and as their interest is only in the deaf, their sale at news-stands would not be great enough to warrant the expense and trouble of selling them this way. Therefore a professional deaf writer cannot hope to make a living writing exclusively for deaf magazines. If he does not write for the standard magazines, his writing should be done in spare time, another occupation bringing him a regular salary, and his writing earns him a few extra dollars a month for luxuries. This may be the reason there are so few deaf writers. Were there more the benefits might be greater—not in money, perhaps, but in aiding and promoting the welfare of the deaf.

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

HUBBARD, PAUL D. Born in Atchison, Kans. Teacher and Insurance agent, Kansas School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kan. Can not speak or read lips; excellent signmaker. Entered Kansas School for the Deaf in 1878, at Colorado Springs, for the Deaf. 1883. Graduated 1884. Medal for highest excellence in all sports. Attended Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. Member Mayflower Club of Boston, Mass., and Topeka, Kan.; Gallaudet College Alumni Association; National Association of the Deaf, National Fraternal Society and others. Lost hearing at two from unknown cause. Married in 1901, to Caroline Brawnson who was born in Ohio and educated in Public Schools. She is one of the best lip-readers in the United States. Had two hearing children—one girl died. Boy is attending Kansas Military Academy. Mr. Hub-

KANNAPELL, GEORGE GORDON. Born in New Albany, Ind., June 9. Home address: 4304 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky. Lost hearing at age of sixteen months from unknown cause, probably from catarrh. Attended the Kentucky School for the Deaf, 1907-1916; Gallaudet College, 1916-1921, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Science, Secretary of the Class of 1921. Winner of the J. C. Howard trophy for excellence in athletic spirit and grit at Gallaudet School. Has one sister and two brothers. One brother is a well-known brothers. Excellent speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Worked as assistant chemist at Bagby, Howe Wholesale Drug Co., Louisville, during the summer and fall of 1921, accepted a position as head supervisor and athletic director of Texas School for the Deaf, Austin, Texas, during the winter and spring of 1922. Held a position as analytical and research chemist at Dosch Chemical Co., Louisville, during the summer and fall of 1922. Connected with the American Chemical Corporation in this city, the largest nicotine manufacturing plant in the world. President of the Louisville division, No. 4, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, for the year 1924, vice-president of the Kentucky Alumni Association of the Deaf, secretary-treasurer of the Bluegrass Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association, and member of the Catholic Church, the Kappa Gamma Fraternity and Gallaudet College, the National Association of the Deaf, the Silent Branch of the "Club of Christ" Cathedral. Has applied for membership in the Louisville Section of the American Society. Takes active parts in church and social activities of the deaf.

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THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

Mr. Albert F. Adams, one of Iowa's first graduates, and one of the first to attend Gallaudet College, is now living quietly at his home in Washington. After serving many years as cataloger in the National Museum at Washington, he has been retired with a pension.

His health has not been good of late years and he is unable to get outside the house.—*Iowa Hawkeye*.

A fine new school plant, St. Rita has been built just outside of Cincinnati by the Catholic denomination. The Catholic *Deaf-Mute* says, editorially, that when completed, it will be one of the largest schools for the deaf in the world, and adds, "The Right Rev. Archbishop Moeller hopes to secure three or four Christian Brothers from the famed school for the deaf in Dublin, Ireland. If these brothers are secured a college for the deaf will be a part of the Cincinnati establishment."—*Kentucky Standard*.

"Linotypes are equipped with a bell to notify the operator when he is reaching the end of a line, similar to the bells on typewriters, but that did not do the printers at the Olathe School for the Deaf any good," says Bob Good in the Cawker City Ledger, so the head printer at the Olathe school invented an attachment which causes a small light to show when the end of a line is approaching. The printers at the Olathe school are among the brightest and best in the state. The Olathe school is attempting to prepare the students so that they will be capable of following any trade, and competing with men who do not suffer their handicap.—*Olathe, Kansas, Register*.

An effort is being made by the California Association of the Deaf to obtain recognition for deaf workers in the Ford factory in that state. The management has been approached on the subject but so far has declined to give the deaf employment. This attitude of the management plainly contravenes the policy of Henry Ford himself which is to give every capable man a fair chance no matter what his handicap is. Ford is widely quoted as having made the statement that the deaf do their work efficiently, rating it at one hundred per cent. He has been appealed to in this matter and we feel confident that the efforts of the California Association will not have been made in vain or Henry Ford is not head of the Ford Motor Co.—*North Dakota Banner*.

Ziao Fong Hsia spent the last four of his years in Rochester as a resident at the Central Y. M. C. A. From the beginning he held a high place in the affec-

tion and esteem of many young men who considered him a helpful example of perseverance and a fine exponent of the Y. M. C. A. spirit. Since he went away, several of those young men have been corresponding with him. We are indebted to one of them, Mr. George Sowerbutts, for the following information from a letter just received from China.

Mr. Hsia says that his father, brothers, sisters, and many of his cousins are taller than himself and in many cases are heavier, too. He is inclined to agree with them that the discrepancy is attributable to the climate and food of the United States. He is passing through the necessary evils in the acclimating process, but expects to be eating Chinese food with a relish before long. His trip north from his home in Ningpo to Tienstin was interrupted by a two weeks' visit in Peking, during which he visited the famous museum and Temple of Heaven. He saw truly amazing exhibits of pottery and carvings, and admired especially the flowers that appear genuine but really are made of small precious stones set with wonderful ingenuity. He says the Chinese in the South are more progressive than those in the North, many of whom are still wearing queues.

Mr. Hsia is now working in the office of S. S. Kwan and Company, Architects, at 11 Rue Du Marechal Foch, Tienstin. His plan is to start at the bottom and work his way up so that he may have an opportunity to learn the intricacies of architecture. He thinks that he will enjoy his work; and what makes it still more pleasant for him is the fact that he is acquainted with Mr. Kwan, the head of the firm, having met him at the 1917 Conference of Chinese students in Providence, R. I.—*Rochester Advocate*.

On March 30th, Dr. Olof Hanson was ordained a deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church at a beautiful and impressive service held at St. Mark's. The front pews were reserved for the deaf and filled by them, while the body of the church was crowded by a hearing congregation. As the eleven o'clock service started, and the choir singing the processional hymn, wound through the church and into the chancel, it was inspiring to see Dr. Hanson and the Rev. Mr. Flick marching with them. The tall and erect figure of Bishop Rowe, of Alaska, brought up the rear.

The Rev. Dr. MacLauchan, rector of St. Mark's, presented the candidate for ordination to the Bishop, and during the ordination the questions asked him were translated into the signs by Mr. Flick.

The bishop introduced Mr. Flick just before the sermon with a few general remarks. He brought out that the Protestant Episcopal Church was the first to

admit the deaf to the ministry, and the first to bring spiritual guidance to our deaf brothers and sisters. He spoke about the present work being done for the deaf in the Episcopal Church, and of attending services for the deaf in the east. He especially mentioned All Souls' Church in Philadelphia, a church which is dedicated to the deaf work. The minister is deaf, and the service is rendered entirely in signs. In fact, Bishop Rowe mentioned that there was no sound except that which he himself made. He also mentioned the choir of eight young women, who gave the hymns on their hands. He then turned the sermon over to Mr. Flick, who delivered it in the sign-language, Dr. MacLauchan reading it aloud for the benefit of the hearing part of the congregation.

—*Journal*.

We may look long and probably in vain for a film star or even a satellite who is deaf, but there are some stars who are sons or daughters of deaf parents. Two of them, Sid Smith of the Cameo Comedy and Lon Chaney have been before the movie fans so long that they need no introduction. Sid Smith was born within the shadow of the Minnesota School for the Deaf, so to speak, and is the third son of Dr. J. L. Smith who has been for nearly thirty-nine years head teacher of that school and editor of *The Champion*. Sid Smith as a kid loved sports especially those that appealed to the daredevil. He was an excellent swimmer as the bunch of deaf people who camped every summer for a dozen years or so at one of the beautiful lakes at Alexandria, Minn., can testify. One of his daring feats was to dive into the lake from the roof of a boat house. We have a suspicion that this accounts for his ability years after to dive from a high cliff, before the camera, into sea water or onto dry sand—from which the water had receded unknown to him—pull himself together and continue his antics.

Lon Chaney's father was head barber in a shop in Colorado, but he now resides in Los Angeles or Hollywood with his wife in a handsome bungalow, the gift of their famous son. It has been said that Lon Chaney's face is his fortune. He has the power of creating strong facial expressions. One of the most successful film productions in which he has taken the leading part is that of the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

There is another film star who is winning laurels on the screen. It is Helen Menken of New York. She is the daughter of deaf parents. Her interesting life work was told in a recent number of the *American Magazine*. She is not quite

twenty-three, but has been on the stage about seventeen years, having transferred her activities to the screen a short time ago.—*North Dakota Banner*

DEAF MAN IS SKILLFUL WORKER
W. G. Lauer, although a deaf man, is one of the most efficient cabinet makers in Spokane, Wash. His ornamental hand craved work is winning recognition rapidly and during the last year some of the more exclusive and expensive residences built in Spokane contained built-in features that gives testimony to his unusual skill. Mr. Lauer obtained his training in the Boys' Technical High School at Milwaukee, Wis.—*Asheville Citizen*.

HARMSSEN STILL IN TRAINING
Bismarck, N. D., April 14—Rolf Harmsen of Hazen, who established two state track records while attending the state school for the deaf at Devils lake, and later made remarkable records in college in Washington, D. C., will give exhibitions at the Capital City Track and Field meet to be held in Bismarck on May 3, under the auspices of Bismarck high school, Harmsen, who is now at his home in Hazen, is keeping in shape for try-outs for the American Olympic team in June.

Harmsen probably will run the 100 yard dash and 220 yd. low hurdles, in which he established state records, at the meet here.—*The Fargo Forum*.

DUMB GIRL FIGHTS DEPORTATION RULE

The fight to gain admission into the United States for Pauline Fink, thirteen, a deaf and dumb girl, who was sent to Ellis Island a year ago on her arrival from Poland, was continued yesterday in the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals by her lawyer, Max Kohler.

Kohler argued that the girl should not be deported for her parents can guarantee that she will not become a public charge. Furthermore, he said her disability is not permanent, as she became deaf and dumb through illness.

Judges Henry W. Rogers, Martin T. Manton and Julius Mayer directed that briefs be submitted.—*New York American*.

WORK FOR DEAF GIRLS

The Ross Fly and Tackle Company of Portland has started a department exclusively for deaf girls with Mr. Birdie Craven as forewoman, and is prepared to give steady employment to twenty-five or more girls. A representative of the firm called at our school recently for the purpose of talking over the matter of hiring several of our girls after school closes in June. The work is clean and easy and it is said that one with no more than ordinary ability can earn \$60 to \$80 per month after it has been mastered. Our graduates and several of those who do not expect to return to school in the fall are considering the acceptance of offers.—*The Washingtonian*.

ADVANCES MONEY FOR DEAF SCHOOL

Providence April 17th.—Mrs. Warren Lippitt, of Providence and Newport, society woman, whose husband, former Governor Lippitt, died recently, today lent \$2,500 to Mrs. Anna C. Hurd, principal of the Rhode Island Institute for the Deaf, with which to pay the

monthly salaries of teachers of that institution held up by the filibuster in the Rhode Island Senate.

The institution was originally founded as a day school by Mrs. Lippitt. Later it became a boarding school and finally a state institution. Mrs. Lippitt's loan will tide over the immediate crisis in the school finances. The teachers at the school have not been paid since March 1st.—*Tribune, April 18*.

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Within a very short time several schools have announced plans for improvement of the work along different lines. The Kansas school has announced the addition of one year to the course of study. The Iowa school has announced a more thorough correlation of the work of the industrial and literary departments. Henceforth the same standard will be required in the quality of work done in the industrial department that has been required in the literary department. Graduation, as we understand it, will depend upon completing the work prescribed in the course of some one industrial department with the same high degree of proficiency that has been and will still be required in the literary department. In this our Iowa friends are setting a high ideal toward which we are striving.—*Rocky Mountain Leader*.

DEAF WOMEN AIDED BY KU KLUX KLAN

In a certain town in Eastern Kentucky lives a graduate of this school,—a widow with two small children. On the death of her husband she was left destitute, but she is a brave woman, frugal and industrious, and has been putting up a good fight to hold the family together and to feed and clothe the children. But her home was mortgaged, and she was unable to meet the payments as they fell due. The outlook was dark to her, and she had many a sleepless night over the matter.

A few evenings ago a party of masked men came to the door and handed her the mortgage,—“paid.” They also left a note telling her not to worry about the future for she would not be allowed to suffer. The note was signed “Ku Klux Klan.”

In a letter to a friend here the widow writes: “God bless the K. K. K.”—*Kentucky Standard*.

ORGANIZED GANG OF DEAF PEDDLERS BROKEN UP.

Lately there appeared in San Antonio, Texas, a team of deaf peddlers, number-

ing about thirty, who canvassed the streets from day to day. They were organized under a man who had them working for him. It was not long until one of the San Antonio papers had a write-up concerning the activities of these virtual beggars. The respectable deaf people of Texas were chagrined and began at once to investigate the activities of the peddling squad.

Mr. W. M. Davis, of Austin, Texas, President of the Texas Association of the Deaf, wrote to the police department of San Antonio to express the sentiment of the deaf in general toward that class who peddle articles on the streets, and asked the authorities to put the entire gang upon the rock pile. Upon investigating it was found that only two or three of the deaf peddlers were bona-fide Texans, the majority of them having drifted into San Antonio from northern and eastern states.

Replying to Mr. Davis' letter, the Captain of Detectives in San Antonio said in part:

“I wish to state that I have in past years come in contact with numerous deaf people and this is the first instance of this kind that I have had to deal with. My experience is that this class of people are above the normal people in honesty and industry. As you stated in your letter there was a man here who had these people working the streets for him. We arrested this man and he left the city; since that time we have had no trouble, although most of the deaf people are still here, most of them having secured positions.”

PLUCK


Charles Downing, a 13-year old boy from Akron, Ohio, came in to school last September. He was a badly crippled by reason of chorea that he could walk only with greatest difficulty. He could control neither his arms nor his legs. He often fell on his way to and from school.

The deaf boys took an interest in him and wanted to carry him. But he fought like a tiger for he felt it was a humiliation to be carried. He would walk. He would let them help him up and down the steps but all the time he was trying to do for himself.


When the boys of his class were called to take physical education he joined them and did all he could. He did not show signs of discouragement but worked on. Just now he was observed in a class in physical exercise and doing almost all of the stunts. He seemed to enjoy it. His physical teacher, Miss Kent, says he is gaining all the time.

He is a bright boy and has had two

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promotions. His class teacher, Miss Smith, takes him each Saturday to an osteopath for treatment. She does this of her own accord. She uses her own automobile for this purpose. She is a new teacher but a real one. The pluck of the boy, the interest of his teacher and the benevolence of the osteopath are accomplishing much.

Charles is very popular because he is clean and industrious. Other boys in school with two good arms and ten good fingers do not keep their hair or clothing so nice as Charles does. All can learn from him. They can outrun him across the lawn or down the road, but he is leading them in his school work.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

ENLIGHTEN EMPLOYERS

Turning to the industrial phase of the life of the deaf, we find an interesting situation. We find big industrial plants like that of the Ford Motor Company proclaiming that they are desirable workmen, and hiring them by the hundreds. Again, we find equally large industrial establishments refusing the deaf employment. Why does such a situation exist? Largely because some employers do not know anything about the deaf, and imagine they are useless for any practical purpose. Then again, it may be due to some unfortunate incident figured in by a deaf workman, resulting in that particular plant refusing to hire any more deaf workers. The remedy for the one cause I have suggested is the enlightenment of employers as to the capabilities of the deaf. This can be done by your association, and by your school. The remedy for the other suggested cause is with the deaf themselves. You should remember that the public is very apt to judge a particular class by the actions of a few members of that class. If a deaf workman loses his temper on slight provocation, does not like to obey orders, is suspicious, and has the idea that every man's hand is against him, it is not at all unlikely that the employer for whom he works will get rid of him in short order and never hire another deaf person. He no doubt decides it is too much trouble, when he can get other people for the work he has to do. The deserving deaf who are good workmen therefore suffer from the actions of a few.—*A. L. Roberts, president of the N. A. D.*

AN EXAMPLE OF THRIFT

Hermion Duffer, one of the deaf students in our School, has set an example of thrift which we hope will encourage other boys to begin early to practice industry and economy, the forerunners of prosperity and independence. Hermion is now twenty year old and has been in school eight years. His home is in Charlottee County where tobacco is the staple crop. When he was fourteen years old he asked his father to let him have a small piece of ground which he could cultivate while spending the summer vacations at home. His father wisely granted the request, and Hermion went to work at once with a determination to "make good." He has been raising tobacco crops every year since. How well he has succeeded is shown by his bank balances. He now has \$2,108 in the savings department of the Drake's Branch Bank near his home which represents the proceeds of his farming operations, and \$114 in the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Staunton. His money is drawing three per cent interest. Here at school he spends the afternoon work hours tending

the poultry and helping in the dairy. He is so useful and so efficient that the School pays him a monthly wage for his services, and the bulk of his money goes to swell his bank account. His early prosperity is due in no measure to miserly habits. He dresses well, buys what he needs and gives to worthy causes. During the eight years that Hermion has been here he has not received a single demerit. He goes about his work in a quiet, unassuming way, does his duty, and treats everybody right. With all his business-like habits, he is just a live, wide-awake boy, and on the football field shows the vim and determination that win, both in sport and in the sterner battles of life. His example might well be followed by other boys in the School.—*Virginia Guide*.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF AND THE BLIND

A time of rejoicing has come to the deaf and the blind of Virginia. The Legislature has passed the bill providing for the establishment of a separate and independent School for the Blind, to be located at Charlottesville, leaving the present School buildings at Staunton to be used exclusively by the deaf. The bill passed the Senate unanimously and there were but two dissenting voices in the House. The Governor promptly affixed his signature and the troublesome question which has been agitated for years is now settled for all time. In spite of the fact that the Legislature had to make provision to meet a heavy deficit in the State treasury a sufficient appropriation was made to start work on the new plant. The site in the suburbs of Charlottesville has already been chosen, and negotiations for its purchase completed. The site of the School, as to location and natural conformation, meets admirably the requirements of such an institution. It is in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, in one of the most healthful and one of the most beautiful sections of the State. Its elevation will insure perfect drainage and give due prominence to the stately buildings. It is far enough away from the city to escape the noise of trains and the bustle of traffic, while a trolley line which passes conveniently near affords easy transit to churches, stores and places of amusement. The School will be in sight of Monticello, the home of Jefferson, and within a mile of the State University. Certainly its surroundings should inspire a wholesome respect for higher learning and lofty ideals of citizen-ship.

But if the blind are to be felicitated upon having a School of their own, the deaf also are subjects of congratulation. These buildings here in Staunton and these spacious grounds are to be theirs exclusively, and they are glad that they are to be heirs to the old home. With the additional living and working space that will be made available, both pupils and teachers can live in greater comfort and do their work in a more satisfactory way. Then when the change is actually made we shall have room for about seventy-five more deaf pupils than we have at present, and in the new School provision will be made to accommodate all the blind children of the State for years to come. We feel that Virginia is about to enter upon a new era in the education of both the deaf and the blind, and we are truly thankful.—*Virginia Guide*.

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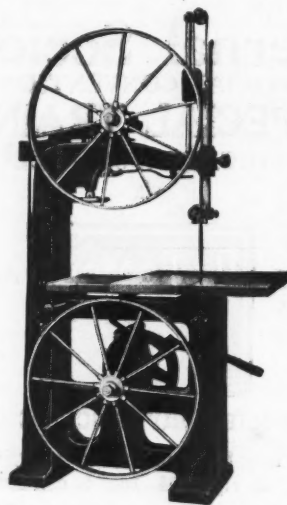
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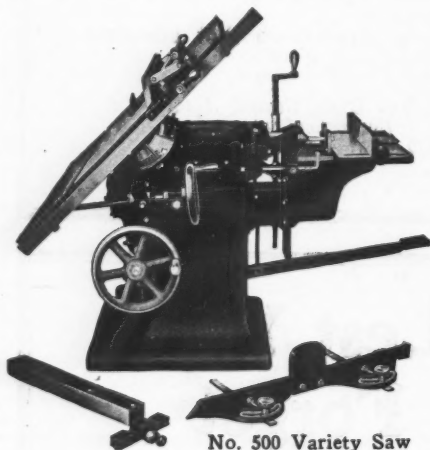
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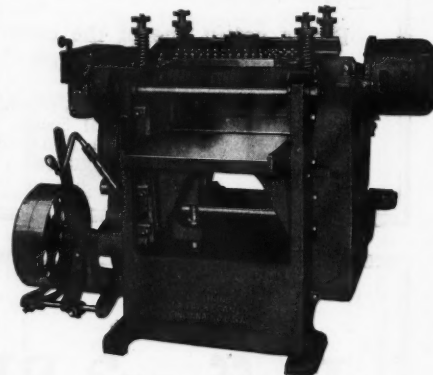
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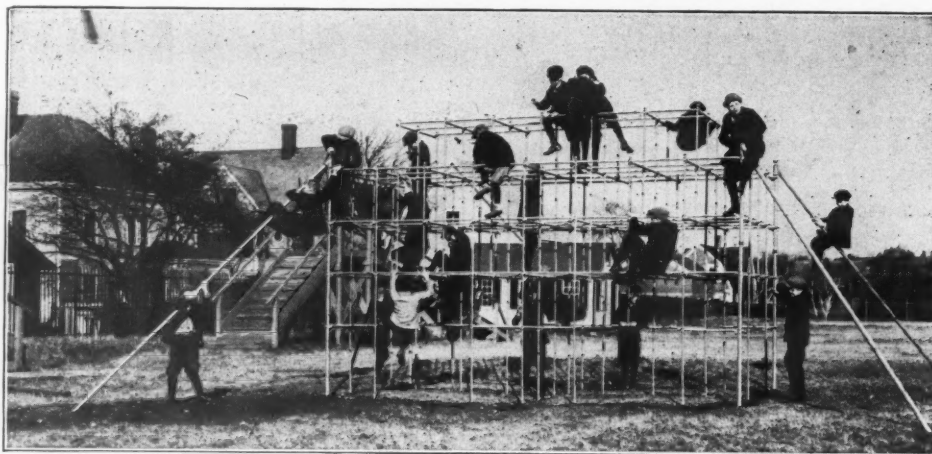
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